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HYMNS AND SACRED LYRICS

BY

GODFREY THRING, B.A.

RECTOR OF ALFORD WITH HORNELOTTON, SOMERSET, AND RURAL DEAN

HENRY S. KING & Co.

65 CORNHILL AND 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

1874



BV
459
T41h

To my Mother

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N O T E.

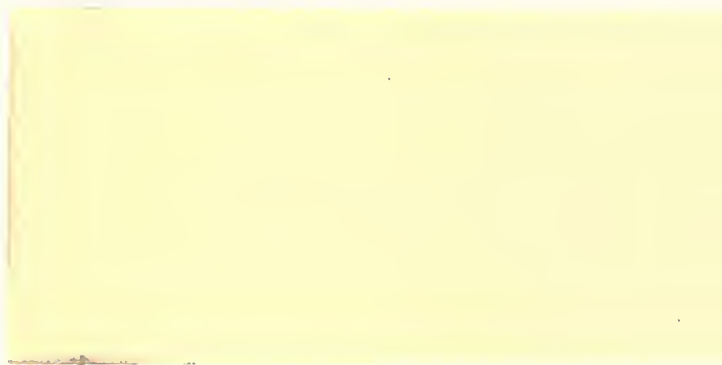
As many of the hymns in the following pages have been already published in the principal Hymnals of the day, the Author takes this opportunity of saying that any one, who desires to take them for Public Worship, is quite welcome to do so without applying to him, on the one condition that no alteration be made in the original text.



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ERRATA AND CORRIGENDA.

- Page viii., line 10, dele "S. P. C. K. Hymnal."
Page 102, line 16, for "suu" read "sun."
Page 149, line 6, for "Drops" read "Droops."
Page 152, line 1, for "are" read "were"
Page 160, line 10, for "her" read "his."



The following Hymns have had Special Tunes composed for them, which are published as under :—

Again the Church's year hath run its round. HENRY HUGO
PIERSON. *Hymn Tunes*, 2nd series. Simpkin &
Marshall.

Asleep in Jesus! wondrous sleep. Ditto, as above.

Beneath the Church's hallowed shade. Rev. J. B. DYKES,
Mus. Doc. *Four Hymns*. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

Blot out our sins of old. H. H. PIERSON. As above.

Cast away the works of darkness. Ditto, as above.

Crown Him with many crowns. Ditto, as above.

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep. Ditto, as above; also
Rev. Dr. DYKES, in *Chope's Congregational Hymn and
Tune Book*, and in *H. A. & M.*

God the Father, God the Son. Rev. Dr. DYKES. *Four Hymns*,
as above; also H. H. PIERSON, as above.

Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals. HERBERT S. IRONS.
(Separately.) Novello, Ewer, & Co.

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal. H. H. PIERSON, as above;
A. S. SULLIVAN, in *The Hymnary*; G. F. REYNOLDS,
in *Anglican Hymn Book*.

Jesus came, the Heavens adoring. E. J. HOPKINS, in *Chope's
Congregational Hymn and Tune Book*.

Lord of power, Lord of might. Dr. MONK, in *Chope's Hymnal*,
as above; H. H. PIERSON, as above.

- O Death, thou art no more. H. H. PIERSON, as above.
- O God, the King of Glory, Who. H. H. PIERSON, as above.
- O sing to the Lord with a psalm of thanksgiving. Rev. Dr.
DYKES, *Four Hymns*, as above. Novello, Ewer, & Co.
- O Thou Who dwell'st in realms of light. H. H. PIERSON, as
above.
- O Thou Who sitt'st enthroned above all worlds both great and
small. Rev. Dr. DYKES, *Four Hymns*, as above.
- Saviour, Blessèd Saviour. H. S. OAKELEY, *H. A. & M.*;
Rev. J. FRANCIS, *S. P. C. K. Hymnal*; J. D. FARRER.
Howlett & Sons, Norwich.
- The ocean hath no danger. Rev. Dr. DYKES, in the *Hymnary*.
- The radiant morn hath passed away. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY,
H. A. & M.; H. S. IRONS; GOUNOD, in the *Hymnary*.

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HYMNS AND SACRED LYRICS.

The Church.

And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.—ACTS ii. 47.

FROM year to year, and age to age,
The Church her faithful watch is keeping,
She ploughs the land and sows the seed,
And watches o'er it for the reaping,
Till every sheaf hath winnowed been,
And all be safely gathered in.

From Advent unto Advent still,
Her warning chimes are ever pealing,
To all her children far and near,
The wondrous mystery revealing
Of Him Who came on earth to die,
And give to man the victory.

From day to day, and week to week,
The truths all other truths excelling,
In wondrous order as they move,
Her yet unchanging love is telling,
And bidding all the weary come,
And find in Christ their heavenly home.

She sings on earth the angels' song,
To every land the message bearing,
The message of a Saviour's birth,
That God hath come our nature wearing,
With peace on earth, good will to men,
Till heaven and earth be one again.

His lowly birth, His childhood's grace,
His life all law in love fulfilling,
His wondrous Words (oh! may we hear)
Proclaimed, alas! to ears unwilling
To hear their own salvation sung
In songs of praise by every tongue.

How nature mourned, whilst man reviled;
Well might she mourn! her Saviour seeing
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
The Fount of life, the Lord of being,
Death meeting there, with loving eye,
For those who came to see Him die.

But not the death they thought He died,
An endless death of sin and sorrow;
Ah! well for them! another day,
And then the dawning of the morrow
Shed far and near o'er land and sea
The daybreak of eternity.

The stone was rolled from off the grave,
That barred the way of life, for ever,
To form the keystone of the arch
That ever since hath spanned the river
Which this and heaven's transcendent scene
In turbid waters flows between.

The Easter bells have scarcely ceased
From every belfry turret ringing
Their wondering notes of joy—when hark!
From heaven the angel-voices singing,
“Lo, Christ our King is gone on High,
And captive led captivity.”

The love He brought from heaven to earth,
From earth to heaven again ascending,
Hath never died, but liveth yet;—
And, with His servants' spirits blending,
The Holy Spirit giveth still
Faith, grace, and strength to do His will.

The birds have long begun their song,
They know not how, their notes restraining,
To cease to sing their Maker's praise,—
Man, fallen man, alone refraining ;—
Come, borrow notes from them, and weave
A song of joy from morn till eve.

The faith we have through love in Christ,
Which week by week has been unfolded,
Now bids us wake our joyous song,
Till every heart and voice be moulded
To sing the praise, with saints on High,
Of the Eternal Trinity.

Then mirrored on its sacred page
The lives of saints who've lived before us,
Reflected from the skies, pour forth
Their never-dying radiance o'er us,
To light the path that they have trod,
And lead our spirits up to God.

And as our lonely path we tread,
Like flowers by the wayside springing,
They cheer us when afar from home,
Around our lives their fragrance flinging ;
And still in memories dear shall shed
Their sweetness o'er our dying bed.

So springing from the Fount Divine,
As some unfailing crystal river,
Runs on the mighty tide of faith,
To flow for ever and for ever,
That all may freely drink their fill,
And gather strength to do His will.

And ever in the ceaseless round,
Each holy day in turn returning,
Some mighty work, some deed of love,
Is taught, that all, their lesson learning,
May tread in peace the pathway o'er,
That Christ their Lord hath trod before.

So glorious grows the Tree of Life,
On every side her branches throwing,
First nurtured by the Church's hand,
It grows for ever, and is growing,
Till in the garden of His love
It blossoms in the courts Above.

Hymns on the Creation.

I.

SUNDAY.

And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was
upon the face of the deep.—GEN. i. 2.

WHEN o'er the waters' misty deep
The Holy Spirit brooding sped,
The earth all void and formless lay,
No morn awoke the opening day,
Or paved with light the darkling way
Above its shoreless bed.

God spake,—and swifter than the flash
Upon the frowning brow of night,
From north to south, and east to west,
In robes of cloudless beauty drest,
A gift above all blessings blest,
There streamed a sea of light.

So light, life-giving light, was made,
And earth with joy was mantled o'er,
The day and night divided were,
The surging mass now bright and fair,
A radiancy of glory there,
Where all was dark before.

Then sing, fair Earth, thy Maker's praise,
Who, when thine orb in darkness lay,
For thee the mighty wonder wrought,
The light from out of darkness brought,
And first thy shapeless ruin taught
To feel the joy of day.

And speak, O God, in mercy speak
To souls long since defiled by sin,
Thy wondrous sevenfold gifts impart,
And through each void and darkened heart
Thy grace as flashing lightning dart,
And lighten all within.

And Thou Who, on this Day of days,
Didst rise victorious in the strife,
And having died that death might die,
Didst Life and Immortality
Then bring to light; hear Thou our cry,
And give us Light and Life.

II.

MONDAY.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.—GEN. i. 6.

THE earth, in robes of light arrayed,
Obedient to its Maker's will,
His voice had heard, and owned His sway;
The glories of the opening day
Had come, and gone, and passed away,—
And all once more was still.

God spake again,—and o'er the deep
His Word in majesty forth went,
While swifter than the lightning glance
Upon the wondering waves' advance,
A curtain o'er the vast expanse
He stretched the firmament.

The heavens were as a scroll unrolled,
And shrinking at His dread command
The startled floods were cleft in twain,
With gathering clouds to fall in rain,
Or rolled upon the rolling main,
By His Almighty Hand.

Then sing, thou firmament on high,
Let floods below prolong the strain,
Ye waters on the sleepless sea,
Ye clouds that ride so gloriously,
All join in praise of Him; and ye,
Ye glittering drops of rain.

And Thou, by Whose Creative Power
The world's new-laid foundations o'er
The wandering clouds were made to move,
O send us, in Thy wondrous love,
As fruitful showers on hill and grove,
Thy grace for evermore.

III.

TUESDAY.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear : and it was so.—GEN. i. 9.

WITH azure girdle circled round,
And clouds on streaming pinions borne,
Through trackless ways of worlds untold
The earth 'mid burnished waters rolled,
A fiery ball of liquid gold ;—
The second day had gone.

God spake again,—His mighty Word
O'er all the waters far and near
From east to west, from south to north,
In glorious majesty went forth—
“ Ye floods, be gathered off the earth,
And let dry land appear.”

Then sea and land divided were,
And from the now upheaving shore
The waves, that had encircled all,
Swept backward as a living wall,
In never-ending chimes to fall,
Till time shall be no more.

God spake,—and fresh with verdure clad
The earth arose exceeding fair,
A virgin from the seething seas,
With grassy banks and whispering trees,
Which smiled with every passing breeze,
And felt that God was there.

Then praise Him, O ye land and sea,
Each boundless plain, and pathless deep,
Let wave on wave their strain upraise
In cadence of unwearied praise,
Whilst trees pour forth their rustling lays,
As breezes o'er them sweep.

And Thou Who mad'st the fruitful land
Rise fresh with sea-born beauty rife,
Make us, who all baptized have been,
Rise cleansed in that pure fount from sin,
Bear fruits of righteousness, and win
Our rest in endless life.

IV.

WEDNESDAY.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night.—GEN. i. 14.

So grass and herb and fruitful tree,
Whose seed was in itself alone,
Each perfect from the heavenly store,
On hill and vale were scattered o'er,
Where all was bleak and bare before;
God spake, and it was done.

Then in the firmament of heaven
He set,—dividing dark from light,—
Two light-diffusing orbs, the one
To rule the day, the glorious sun,
The moon her monthly course to run
As regent of the night.

For signs, and seasons, and for years,
For interchanging night and day,
With stars the heavens were studded o'er,
Their light with sun and moon to pour
In liquid rays on sea and shore,
Till earth shall pass away.

Then praise Him, O ye sun and moon,
And ye, ye answering stars of night,
Ye seasons that in order move,
Praise Him, Who in His wondrous love
On all below and all above
Hath poured His gift of light.

And Thou, Great God, Who mad'st the sun
To shine o'er all created things,
Hear now Thy suppliant children's cries,
And grant that on their gladdened eyes
The Sun of Righteousness may rise,
With Healing in His wings.

V.

THURSDAY.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.—GEN. i. 20.

FOUR days had come and gone to rest,—
The fifth arose with wonder blent,
For God had said, Let sea and sky
New life bring forth abundantly,
Whales, creeping things, and fowls that fly
Amid the firmament.

And from the Great Creator's throne
A voice is heard, unheard before,
“Ye fowls, increase on heath and hill,
Ye fish, who know your Maker's will,
Go forth—with swarming myriads fill
The seas from shore to shore.”

Then praise Him, all ye living things,
Great whales that track the pathless sea,
And ye, ye swarming myriads, bring
Your tribute to your Almighty King,
And every bird upon the wing
Unite in harmony.

And ye, who God's own image bear,
 Raise higher yet your joyous strain,
To Him Who came on earth to die,
And now in glory throned on High,
Has captive led captivity,
 And gifts received for men.

VI.

FRIDAY.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.—GEN. i. 26.

THE last great day of work had come,
God spake again,—now let the earth
With joy her teeming brood forth-bring,
Beast, cattle, every creeping thing,
Whilst birds their happy welcome sing
In carols at their birth.

So beast and cattle, creeping thing,
Each perfect in their order stood,
And trod the yet untrodden strand,
Obedient to the High command,
Fresh from their Great Creator's hand,
Who saw that all was good.

God spake,—and through the Heavenly spheres
A thrill of adoration ran,
Now let Us in our image make,
And from the sleeping dust awake,
Ere yet the Sabbath morn shall break,
In Our own likeness—man.

Then rose from earth's benignant breast
In fearless freedom at his birth,
Not then as now, worn, weak, and wan,
But calm, majestic, guiltless, man
Formed with a wondrous power to span
The void 'tween heaven and earth.

And as in wonder, love, and joy
They stood on earth's primeval shore,
The word went forth—Increase and fill
Each fruitful valley, plain, and hill,
Fulfilling all your Maker's will,
Both now and evermore.

And over all dominion hold,
And all alike shall own thy sway ;
Fish, beast, and cattle be thy care,
And every bird that cleaves the air ;—
So th' evening and the morning were
The last great working day.

Then praise Him, sun, and moon, and stars,
Beast, cattle, creeping things, and ye
Ye heavens above, and earth beneath,
And everything that draweth breath,
His praises sing in life and death,
In endless harmony.

But thou in God's own image made,
In song more glad His Name adore,
Who hath in mercy given to thee,
Thou child of immortality,
A soul to live unfettered, free,
With Him for evermore ;

And Who, when thou wast dead in sin,
Hath come in His redeeming love,
The Second Adam, to restore
His image, that was thine before ;
And dying, opened wide the door
To deathless Life above.

VII.

SATURDAY.

And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made ; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made.—GEN. ii. 2.

AND now 'mid myriad worlds enthroned,
 Whilst stars in adoration stood,
God saw the earth's foundation laid,
The heavens in radiant robes arrayed,
The countless hosts His Word had made,
 And all He saw was good.

Six days had gone,—then calmly woke
 The seventh in new-born beauty drest,
For all He thought to do, was done,
Well ended, what was well begun,
And with the now uprising sun
 Uprose the Day of Rest ;

Rest ! hallowed rest ! for God Himself,
 Though needing not, yet rested now ;
Rest ! hallowed rest ! (for so He wills)
Both man and beast with joyaunce fills,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
 As all before Him bow.

Then praises to our Heavenly King,
Who, in His own transcendent love,
Was laid to rest within the grave
This day, a fallen race to save ;
That they, though lost, through Him might have
Eternal rest above.

And myriad tongues henceforth shall tell
From sea to sea, and shore to shore,
The wonders wrought by Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
From dawn of day to set of sun,
Then—now—and evermore.

The Lord's Day.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

HAIL ! Sacred day of earthly rest,
 From toil and trouble free ;
 Hail ! quiet spirit, bringing peace*
 And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
 On all the world around,
 Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
 Where rest is found.

No sound of jarring strife is heard,
 As weekly labours cease ;
 No voice, but those that gladly sing
 Glad songs of peace.

* Should any one desire to make use of portions of this hymn for Public Worship, the following line, suggested by Canon Walsham How, may be adopted instead of the above :—

“ Hail ! day of light, that bringest light.”

I chance to wander through the wood,
Along the prattling stream,
The happy insects, as they hum,
All happier seem.

The merry throstle, as he sings,
The merrier sings to-day,
The sun shines out from 'mid the clouds
With brighter ray.

The trembling breeze that softly blows
From many a sunnier shore,
More softly seems to blow to-day,
Than e'er before.

On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light Divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

I join the quiet, thoughtful crowd,
That throngs the house of prayer,
And, kneeling on my knees, I reap
A blessing there.

I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To Thee, their Great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.

From choir to battlement, and tower,
The solemn anthem rolls,
Ascending with the hidden fire
Of ransomed souls.

All earthly things appear to fade,
As rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The Heavenly Choir.

For those who sing with saints below,
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing (when songs on earth have ceased)
With saints Above.

Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Bright foretaste of that endless day
Of Rest in Heaven.

Collect, First Sunday in Advent.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand, let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light.—ROM. xiii. 12.

CAST away the works of darkness,
 Haste to put your armour on,
 Ere your noon hath lost its brightness,
 And the eve of death's begun ;
 Cast away the works of night,
 Walk as children of the light.

Cast away the works of darkness,
 Light is dawning from on High,
 Now when Christ, your King, Redeemer,
 Came in great humility ;
 Cast away the works of night,
 Walk as children of the light.

Cast away the works of darkness,
 Ere your fleeting breath hath fled,
 So that when again He cometh,
 Judge alike of quick and dead,
 Ye may through His wondrous love
 Meet Him in the courts above.

To Whose glory ever living,
Reigning o'er the realms on high,
With the Father and the Spirit,
One in Three eternally,
Ye shall then with angels raise
Songs and hymns of endless praise.

Advent Hymn.

Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep.—ROM. xiii. 11.

AGAIN the Church's year hath run its round,
 Again is heard afar her warning cry,
 Again the echo of the trumpet sound,
 To men proclaiming that the Lord is nigh.

The night of human life is well-nigh spent ;
 The day-star's streaming from the eastern sky,
 The herald of the coming morning, sent
 To tell to fallen man, the Lord is nigh.

Awake, awake then ye that slumber now ;
 Rise, greet the Radiance dawning from on High ;
 Cast off the works of darkness here below,
 For Christ, the Light of Light, the Lord is nigh.

Awake, awake, and walk as in the day ;
 Awake, and now no longer fear to die,
 For He who came the sting to take away,
 And conquer death, the Lord of life is nigh.

Awake, awake, and with the morning light

Rise, heavenward looking with unwavering eye ;

Rise, put your armour on, and fight the fight,

As those who know and feel their Lord is nigh.

Awake, awake, shake off your earth-born sleep ;

Awake, that when at last ye come to die,

Your greatest joy, when friends around you weep,

May be to find your Lord—your Saviour—nigh.

Advent.

I will come again and receive you unto Myself.—JOHN xiv. 3.

JESUS came, the Heavens adoring, came with peace
from realms on High ;

Jesus came for man's redemption, lowly came on
earth to die ;

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! came in deep humility.

Jesus comes again in mercy, when our hearts are
bowed with care ;

Jesus comes again in answer to an earnest, heartfelt
prayer ;

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! comes to save us from
despair.

Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing, bringing news of
sins forgiven ;

Jesus comes in sounds of gladness, leading souls
redeemed to Heaven ;

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! now the gate of death is
riven.

Jesus comes in joy and sorrow, shares alike our
hopes and fears ;

Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us, glads our hearts,
and dries our tears ;

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! cheering e'en our failing
years.

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant, when the
Heavens shall pass away ;

Jesus comes again in glory ;—let us then our
homage pay.

Hallelujah ! ever singing, till the dawn of endless
day.

Advent.

Watch therefore : for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—MATT. xxiv. 42.

WATCH now, ye Christians, watch and pray,
 For so your Saviour pleaded ;
 Be watchful, Christians, while 'tis day,
 For now your watch is needed.

With truth your loins be girt around,
 Your lamps for ever burning,
 That watching ye may still be found,
 Your Lord on earth returning.

For thus on souls that watch shall fall
 No sound from Heaven more cheering
 Than the Archangel's trumpet-call,
 At Christ's last great appearing.

Watch, then, ye Christians, watch and pray,
 Hear how your Saviour pleaded ;
 Be watchful, Christians, while ye may ;—
 In Heaven !—no watch is needed.

Christmas Day.

I.

Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE ii. 11.

LET myriad chords this day be strung
Within the beating hearts of men,
Till peal on peal from every tongue,
Again re-echoing and again,
Shall far and near the news proclaim,
That Christ is born in Bethlehem.

No pomp of power, no pride of place,
No gorgeous banner was unfurled,
When He, the Lord of life and grace,
Descended on a hardened world;
And Satan stood with folded wings,
And, cowering, owned him King of kings.

The heathen gods were silent then,
No voice was heard from wood or stone,
Their glory had departed—when
The Lord of Glory left His throne,
And in a lowly manger lay,
The Day-star of Eternal Day.

Dark Superstition, scowling, fled ;

A blight upon her parent stem
Had fallen, when in wonder led

The star stood over Bethlehem,
And holy angels, hovering there,
Sang praises in the midnight air.

Yes ! angels sang their song of old,

Yet man, for whom He came, was dumb ;
They ate, they drank, they bought, they sold,
And knew not that their Lord was come,
For them to live, for them to die,
A pledge to them of victory.

Long years have rolled since that bright day,

And through the world His love has rung,
But be not we as blind as they,

Or leave His praises all unsung :
The Heavens proclaim that Christ is come,
Shall we 'on earth alone be dumb ?

No ! let each and every heart

Awake, and sing this joyous morn,
And with the angels bearing part,
Proclaim their great Redeemer born,
And strive a guiltless life to bring
As tribute to their Heavenly King.

Christmas Day.

II.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE ii. 14.

COME, nations, come, and hail from far,
Come hail the long-expected Star,
For He who sprung from Jesse's stem,
This day was born in Bethlehem.

Come, wandering pilgrims, join the throng,
And listen to the angel song,
Hark! as they chant the sweet refrain,
Of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

No voice more dear, no song more bright,
Than that the angels sang the night
That ushered in the joyous morn
On which the Prince of Peace was born.

Haste with the shepherds, haste away,
Haste see the place where Jesus lay,
And with the angels hovering there,
Sing praises in the midnight air.

Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
In carols to the new-born King,
Re-echoing still the sweet refrain,
“Peace,—peace on earth, good will toward men.”

Christmas Day.

III.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE ii. 13, 14.

HARK! hear ye not the angel song
The hills of Bethlehem among?
To you, this day, th' Incarnate Word,
To you, the Everlasting Lord.

To you, on earth, this happy morn,
To you the Prince of Peace is born,
Whilst heaven re-echoes yet again
Peace,—peace on earth, good will to men.

Thus angels sang, and thus sing we,
To God on high all glory be,
Let Him on earth Hīs peace bestow,
And unto men His favour show.

For dead indeed must be the heart,
Thrice dead, which will not bear a part,
And with the angel choir proclaim,
A Saviour born in Bethlehem.

Then men and maidens, young and old,
Come join the shepherds at the fold,
And singing list, and listening sing
A carol to our new-born King.

Written at the request of the Rev. R. R. Chope, to a stanza of George Wither's (the 3rd), the only one remaining, set to the original "Angels' Song" of Orlando Gibbons.

Epiphany.

We have seen His Star in the East and are come to worship
Him.—MATT. ii. 2.

FROM the Eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home ;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.

There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way ;
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey Homeward
By that guiding Star.

Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

Gather in the outcasts,
All who have gone astray,
Throw Thy Radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way ;
Those who have never known Thee,
Those who have wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly Light ;
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follow Thee ;
O'er the distant mountains,
To that Heavenly Home
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 COR. xiii. 13.

BLESSED Saviour, Thou hast taught us,
 Taught us in Thy Word Divine,
 That our doings are but nothing
 If they be not linked with Thine ;
 If we be not bound to Thee
 With the bond of Charity.

Though with tongues of men and angels,
 Soaring may our voices rise ;
 Though we have the gift of knowledge,
 Understanding mysteries ;
 All will still as nothing be,
 If we have not Charity.

Have we faith that even mountains
 At our word we may remove,
 Though our bodies to be burnèd
 Yield we, and possess not love,
 We are nothing—till we be
 Bound with bonds of Charity.

Bind us with the bond that bindeth
Human hearts to God above,
Bind us with the bond uniting
Rich and poor with Heavenly Love,
With the bond that binds to Thee,—
Never-failing Charity.

Lent.*

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. —
Ps. li. 9.

BLOT out our sins of old,
When erst we went astray,
When, Father, from Thy fold
We wandered far away ;
O King of Heaven,
To Thee we cry,
Ere yet we die,
To be forgiven.

In this our hour of need,
In hope we fly to Thee ;
Sow in our hearts the seed
Of bright eternity ;
O Lord, we pray,
As morning dew,
Our strength renew
From day to day.

* The following hymns and lyrics were written at various times and under different circumstances, and not especially for the season of Lent, but from their tone and feeling they seem most naturally to fall under this general heading.

O God, by day, by night,
We lowly bend the knee,
Again at dawn of light,
In deep humility,
Our voices raise,
For sins forgiven,
And hopes of Heaven,
In prayer and praise.

Blot out our sins gone by,
Blot out our sins to-day,
And others ere we die ;
And give us, while we pray,
Undying faith
In Christ, to see
The victory
O'er sin and death.

He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted. — LUKE iv. 18.

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

Fresh the wounds that sin hath made ;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

Helpless, none can help me now,
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou,
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

Backward o'er the suffering past
As my helpless eye I cast,
Thee I seem to see at last.

Thee, to Whom the cry of pain
Ne'er was raised, and raised in vain,
Healer of the sorrow-slain.

Thou the true Physician art ;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

Other comforters are gone ;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Heal me then, my Saviour, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
To thy mercy I appeal.

Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.—Ps. lix. 16.

WHEN the body's racked with pain,
When we seek, and seek in vain,
When the clouds pour down in rain,
Miserere Domine.

Worn with want, and wan with care,
When in hours of dark despair
Life itself seems hard to bear,
Miserere Domine.

When the mind with doubt is torn,
When in solitude we mourn,
Sad, forsaken, and forlorn,
Miserere Domine.

When the shadows of the night
Steal o'er all that's good and bright,
When we seek in vain for light,
Miserere Domine.

When the day of life is past,
And our sun is sinking fast,
Standing by the grave at last,
Miserere Domine.

In our hour of sorest need,
Ere the judgment is decreed,
When for mercy, Lord, we plead,
Miserere Domine.

YEARNING.

Increase our faith.—LUKE xvii. 5.

Oh ! for the faith that knows no doubt,
That buries it deep in its native sod;
Oh ! for the faith that welletb out
Pure from the Fount of God.

Oh ! for the faith that lives and dares,
That fears neither death, nor fire, nor sword;
Oh ! for the faith that stands and bears
All, for Thy love, O Lord.

Oh ! for the faith with soaring wing
To mount through the clouds that darken the sky;
Oh ! for the spotless tongue to sing
Songs with the saints on High.

Oh ! for the faith, as long days fail,
To uplift the shroud from the dark unseen;
Oh ! for the faith to rend the veil
That sadly hangs between.

Oh ! for the faith with joy to look
To that wondrous day when I stand alone,
And mark my name on the great Life-book,
Open before Thy throne.

OUR HOME.

O Lord, my strength, and my fortress, and my refuge in the day of affliction.—JER. xvi. 19.

DEAD to life, yet loth to die,
When our strength is failing fast,
Saviour, then to Thee we fly,
Sure to find a rest at last,
Sure to hear Thee calling, "Come,
Weary pilgrims, welcome Home!"

Worn with sickness, sorrow, pain,
Bowed with inward agony,
When we scarce dare hope again,—
Welcome then Thy healing cry,
"Come, ye heavy laden, come;
Hasten to a tearless Home!"

Fierce and furious is the fight,
Red with blood the battle plain,
Darkly close the shades of night,
Cries for human help are vain;
Cheering then Thy summons, "Come,
Christian soldiers, welcome Home!"

Friends of youth, and neighbours gone,
Earth to us a wilderness,
Faint, despairing, left alone,
Nought our failing years to bless,
Still we hear Thee pleading, "Come,
Lonely, broken-hearted, Home !"

Sickness, sorrow, pain, or tears,
Life, or death, whate'er befall,
Saviour, may our dying ears
Hear afar Thy gracious call,
"Come, ye heavy laden, come ;
Faithful servants, welcome Home !"

TEARS.

Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. —
JAMES i. 3.

HEAR, O my God, my tears like rain
Fast falling 'gainst the window-pane
Of this numbed heart, as if again
'Twould beat in peace no more.

'Tis hard, my God, 'tis hard to think
That Thou shouldst bring me to the brink
Of these dark waters, there to sink
For evermore in night.

'Tis hard, O God, 'tis hard ; and yet
How have I prayed, my pillow wet
With the cold dews (hard to forget)
Of long unanswered prayer.

Oh ! teach me, O my God, to know
That though Thou now hast brought me low,
And darkly made my life-stream flow,
Thou still rememberest me ;

That Thou hast all my sorrows known,
And wouldest ne'er have cast me down,
But through the Cross to give the Crown
To him who trusts in Thee.

Wash me throughly from my wickedness; and cleanse me from my sin.—Ps. li. 2.

MAKE me holy, O my Saviour,
Cleanse me from the taint of sin,
Thou, from Whom no thought is hidden,
Make me pure without, within.

Thickly fall the shadows round me,
Fading fast the evening light,
As from out Thy path I wander,
Dark and darker grows the night.

Heavy on me lies the burden,
Nothing have I of my own,
Fainting, Lord, I hear Thee calling,
At Thy feet to lay it down.

Whilst I stay, and doubt, and linger,
Far and farther from Thy fold,
Bold, whene'er 'twere well to falter,
Faltering, when I should be bold.

Weeks and months and years are flitting,
And the burden presseth sore,
Whilst the weight upon my heart is
Ever growing more and more.

Leave me not, lest sin and sorrow
 Quench the light of heavenly birth,
And the anxious soul's to-morrow
 Breaks again no more on earth.

Make me pure, and bright, and holy,
 Drive all darkling doubt away,
Till the fading light of evening
 Kindleth into perfect day.

Till the burden now so galling
 Be for ever cast aside,
And I mount to swell the chorus
 Of the Bridegroom and His Bride.

Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—

HEB. iv. 16.

HAST thou sinnèd, sin no more,
Pardon ask, and pardon win,
Mercy sits at mercy's door,
Boldly knock and enter in ;

Boldly to the throne of grace,
Weeping for the bitter past,
Go, though shame would hide its face,
Go, and find a rest at last ;

Christ, Who died the lost to save,
Never turned His Face from pain,
They who meekly pardon crave,
Never cry to Him in vain ;

Christ Himself is calling, "Come,"
Christ, Who lived and died for thee,
"Hasten, helpless sinner, home,
Lay your weary load on Me."

Fear not, then, to lay it down
Humbly at your Saviour's Feet,
Through the Cross to win the Crown,
Is a task for angels meet ;

Stand not still to count the cost,
Hasten while 'tis yet to-day,
Time, too precious to be lost,
Brooks not doubt, away—away.

Yes ! away ere yet the light
Darkens in the western sky,
And the brooding clouds of night
Hover o'er your sunken eye ;

Yes ! in this thy sorest need,
Knock in faith at mercy's door ;
Go, and there for pardon plead,
Go, for grace to sin no more.

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.—1 JOHN ii. 17.

THOUGH months and years shall pass away,
And ages into ages roll,
Though life and death shall hold their sway
In turn on every sin-born soul;
Yet fear ye not to do My will,
For I, your Lord, am with you still
To keep from harm.

If Hunger, gnawing at the door,
Should let her sister, Sickness, in,
And shadows throw across the floor
Where shadows ne'er before have been;
Yet fear ye not to do My will,
For I, your Lord, am with you still
To keep from harm.

Should ever in the deepening gloom
Sad thoughts arise too hard to bear,
And enter in thy darkened room
To find a habitation there;
Yet fear ye not to do My will,
For I, your Lord, am with you still
To keep from harm.

If unrequited toil by day,
And rest unrest by night thy lot,
Should make thee wish e'en life away,
And all sad memories forgot ;
Yet fear ye not to do My will,
For I, your Lord, am with you still
To keep from harm.

From harm ! for this, that men call harm,
Is harmless yet if left to die,
The pealings of its false alarm
Are heard not in Eternity ;
Then fear ye not to do My will,
For I, your Lord, am with you still
To keep from harm.

JUDGE NOT.

Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.—GAL. vi. 1.

JUDGE not, 'tis not for man to judge,
Art thou from sin exempted?
Ye know not, ye who harshly judge,
How those ye judge were tempted.

Judge not; be gentle-hearted, kind,
For ye are not exempted;
Ye know not, though ye are guiltless now,
How soon ye may be tempted.

LONELY THOUGHTS.

Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me, I cannot attain unto it.—Ps. cxxxix. 5.

LAST night I stood beside the grave,
With scarce a step between,
My eyeballs bursting with the strain
To see the dark unseen.

No sound to cheer my fainting heart,
No voice from 'neath the sod ;
Alone I stood beside the grave,
Alone,—alone with God.

The wind came soughing through the gloom,
And chilled my blood within,
All sad and weary with the load
Of long-forgotten sin.

The black leaves curled with every gust,
And crisped beneath my tread,
The night-birds, wailing, seemed to wake
The spirits of the dead.

I strove to fathom height and depth,
Around, above, beneath ;
To crest the wave of human life,
And sound the deeps of death.

My puny efforts, ah ! how vain !
Yet words can ne'er express
The thoughts that burned within my brain,
In that lone loneliness.

For deeper than the lowest deep,
O God, Thy mysteries lie ;
No human hand shall lift the veil
That masks eternity.

I have considered the days of old.—Ps. lxvii. 5.

FOR mercy, Lord, I cry,
'Tis all I ask of Thee ;
For mercy ere I die,
Sweet mercy, Lord, for me.

I look on days gone by,—
The sky was sunny bright,
My sea was calm, and I
Sat still from morn till night.

I then too oft forgot
That other days must come,
Nor thought, while thus I sat,
That this was not my home.

But sorrow came, and grief,
And sickness hard to bear,
And pain without relief ;
Till care was heaped on care.

And thus a change came o'er
My spirit's idle dream ;
I scanned the distant shore,
And caught a brighter gleam ;

I saw that these were sent
 (As silver tried by fire,)
To teach that life is lent
 To raise the spirit higher.

But still I'm onward borne,
 And cloud-storms gathering fast,
By every wild wind torn,
 Must rend my sails at last.

Yet brighter glows the sky,
 As slowly sinks my sun,
For though the waves beat high,
 The shore seems almost won ;

That happy tearless shore,
 Which girds God's throne in Heaven,
Where sorrow's known no more,
 Nor sin—to be forgiven.

For mercy then I cry,
 'Tis all I ask of Thee ;
For mercy ere I die,
 Sweet mercy, Lord, for me.

Good Friday.

I.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.—LUKE xxiii. 43.

HIS bitter foes had triumphed now,
 The hardened priests stood mocking by,
 The careless crowd had gathered there
 To see the Lord of Glory die ;
 O wondrous sight for man to see !
 O wondrous gift for God to give !
 O wondrous love ! Thrice wondrous scene,
 For man to see and yet to live !

No lower depth for human guilt,
 The lowest deep was sounded now,
 E'en hope had fled ! The crown of thorns
 In mockery on His sinless Brow
 In truth had crowned the world with shame,
 And men seemed lost once more, when He
 For them hung suffering—and they
 In scorn looked on, but could not see.

One lonely voice with kindlier glow
High o'er the surging crowd beneath ;
Though, lost to man, yet heard by God,
The world's Redeemer owned in death ;
When, hark ! in answer to the prayer,
Rose clear above their raging cries,
The wondrous promise, "Thou to-day
Shalt be with Me in Paradise."

The sun had hid His face in tears,
And shuddering Nature over all,
More tender than the careless crowd,
In love had thrown her funeral pall ;
That all might hear, though none might see
(As low He bowed His Sacred Head),
His words, but not the agony,
The last sad cry, "'Tis finishèd."

Still backward o'er the murmuring throng
Come, borne upon the evening air,
Those echoes from the Cross to him
Who, dying, owned his Saviour there,
So full of love, and joy, and peace,
To him and all beneath the skies,—
"I say to thee that thou shalt be
This day with Me in Paradise."

O happy words for him to hear !

When hanging by the Saviour's side,
His deeds of darkness brought to light,
That e'en for him that Saviour died,—
That e'en for him, and such as he,
If humbly penitent he dies,
Those words were spoken—"Thou shalt be
To-day with Me in Paradise."

O Paradise ! what more could man,
In that his last and dread despair,
Dare hope than rest on thy still breast,
And, pardoned, meet his Saviour there ;
What happier words ! what holier sight
Whereon to fix his dying eyes !
What joy, O Christ, those words to hear,—
And then awake in Paradise.

Good Friday.

II.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto Me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger.—*LAM. i. 12.*

A DAY for which a world must weep
 Has sunk in silence to the grave,
 The sun that mourned has fallen asleep
 Behind the far off western wave ;
 The tears of night are falling fast,
 Whilst echoes, as of angels' prayers.
 Would link the present with the past,
 And bid us mingle ours with theirs.

This morn the King of Glory hung,
 A dying man, upon the tree,
 And sin its poisoned arrows flung
 In scorn upon His agony,
 Each lonely hour seemed well-nigh lost,
 And, wearied, flapped its heavy wing ;
 And were there none to count the cost,
 No mourners for their guiltless King? —

Who bore a weight none else could bear,
A weight too heavy to be borne,
Except by Him, Who dying there,
Despised the shame, endured the scorn
Of those for whom He came to die ;
Who in their cold remorseless pride
Raised loud the cry of " Crucify,"
And mocked Him as for them He died.

What is it to the passers-by?—
A man but dying on a tree ;
We can but live, we can but die,
What is it, then, to you or me ?
What is it ? scoffers proudly ask,
What is it ? still the careless cry,
Whilst others in the sunshine bask,
And dream not that they pass Him by.

But loving hands have laid Him down
In peace upon His rocky bed,
Whilst He has gone to worlds unknown
On works of mercy to the dead,
To preach the Everlasting Word,
As gathering saints obey His call,
That they may hear, as we have heard,
The love of Him who died for all.

The love of Him Who died, which we
Have heard and heard and heard again,
O Jesu ! never let it be,
That, hearing, we should hear in vain ;
Or, as we watch Thee on the cross,
And mark Thy last and bitter cry,
E'er idly deem our gain a loss,
Or mock Thee with the passers-by.

For with the cross upon our brow,
Beneath the still Baptismal Wave,
All we who sing lie buried now
With Him in that thrice-hallowed grave ;
That, as He died and rose again,
So we to all our sins may die,
Rise cleansed from every guilty stain,
And live a life of purity.

And when our sun is sinking low
Behind the silent waves of night,
And thoughts are flitting to and fro,
As shadows in the evening light,
May we, as with our dying breath
We bid farewell to human strife,
Safe through the grave and gate of death
Pass upward to a deathless life.

Easter.

Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death.
—ACTS ii. 24.

HALLELUJAH ! song of triumph,
Triumph over death and hell ;
Hallelujah ! song of triumph,
Greater far than tongue may tell.

Hallelujah ! song of triumph,
Christ, Who came the lost to save,
Hallelujah ! now hath risen,
Mighty Conqueror o'er the grave.

Hallelujah ! Holy Angels
Came and rolled away the stone ;
Hallelujah ! now no longer
Death can claim Him for his own.

Hallelujah ! Christ hath broken
Bars that none could break before ;
Hallelujah ! Death defeated,
Sinks to rise again no more.

Hallelujah ! song of triumph,
Loud through all Creation rolls ;
Hallelujah ! men and angels
Sing the song of ransomed souls.

Collect, Ascension Day.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. —
COL. iii. 1.

As Christ our Saviour's gone before,
Exalted high through worlds unknown,
To Thee, Almighty King, we pray,
For Thou art God, and Thou alone.

Grant, Lord, that we in heart and mind,
Ascending to those realms above,
May ever dwell in thought with Him,
Partakers of His endless love ;

Where with the Father, Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
He lives and reigns Eternal One,
And One in Three for evermore.

Ascension Day.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of Glory shall come in.—
Ps. xxiv. 7.

HARK ! the vault of heaven is ringing,
Songs of angels sweep the sky,
Thousand times ten thousand bringing
Hearts attuned in harmony ;
Lo, the noise of battle's over,
Death lies dying on the plain,
Man Divine doth now recover
All that man had lost, again.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,
The King of Glory comes, and conquering waits
To enter in and tread the golden floors ;
The King of Glory comes, let heaven and earth
proclaim
In trumpet-tones the triumph of His name.

Who is this on clouds ascending
From the world of sin and shame ?
Myriad angels, hark ! attending,
Chant the triumph of His Name ;

This is He, the Lord's Anointed,
He Who left His Throne on high,
Spotless Lamb by God appointed
Once for fallen man to die.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, &c.

See He comes in robes of glory,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Angels tell His wondrous story,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rings ;
Raise the song of Hallelujah !
Ye that now His name adore,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Christ is King for evermore.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, &c.

Collect, Sunday after Ascension Day.

I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Comforter,
that He may abide with you for ever.—JOHN xiv. 16.

O GOD, the King of Glory, Who
Hast lifted far Thy only Son
Above the world, to share with Thee
The conquest He Himself hath won ;

Almighty Father, deign to hear
The prayers of those from whom He's gone,
Nor leave us in this world of care,
To bear our burden all alone ;

But send Thy Holy Spirit down,
That He into our hearts may pour
His comfort, till we reach the land
Where Christ our Saviour's gone before ;

Who ever lives and reigns with Thee,
O Father, Thy Coequal Son,
And Holy Spirit, One in Three,
For ever Three, yet Three in One.

Christ Ascended.

“ And on His Head were many crowns.”

* CROWN Him with crowns of gold,
 All nations great and small,
 Crown Him, ye martyred saints of old,
 The Lamb once slain for all;
 The Lamb once slain for them
 Who bring their praises now,
 As jewels for the diadem
 That girds His Sacred Brow.

Crown Him the Son of God
 Before the worlds began,
 And ye who tread where He hath trod,
 Crown Him the Son of Man;
 Who every grief hath known
 That wrings the human breast,
 And takes and bears them for His own,
 That all in Him may rest.

* The greater part of this hymn was originally written at the request of the Rev. H. W. Hutton, to supply the place of some of the stanzas in Matthew Bridge's well-known hymn, of which he and others did not approve ; it was afterwards thought better to rewrite the whole, so that the two hymns might be kept *entirely distinct*.

Crown Him the Lord of Light,
Who o'er a darkened world
In robes of glory infinite
His fiery flag unfurled,
And bore it raised on High,
In Heaven—in earth—beneath,
To all the sign of victory
O'er Satan, sin, and death.

Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on High,
Who died—Eternal Life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who, once on earth th' Incarnate Word
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God—Redeemer—King.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
 Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to Whom is given
 The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
 As thrones before Him fall ;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
 For He is King of all.

Whit-Sunday.

I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.—JOEL ii. 28.

HEAR us, Thou that broodedst
 O'er the watery deep,
 Waking all creation
 From its primal sleep ;
 Holy Spirit, breathing
 Breath of life Divine,
 Breathe into our spirits,
 Blending them with Thine.

Lamp of Life, that piercest
 E'en the thickest gloom,
 Haste to light Thy candle
 In each darkened room ;
 Should the lamp that's burning
 Give but flickering light,
 Fan the flame that trembleth
 On the verge of night.

Fount of living waters,
 From the crystal sea
 Flowing on for ever,
 Fount of Purity,

May we drink, and rising
Purged from every stain,
Onward press rejoicing,
Ne'er to thirst again.

When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy Presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh ;
Shed Thy Radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.

When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's Feet,
There to find a Refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.

If the day be falling
Sadly to its close,
Sadly, slowly, sadly,
Sadly, as it goes ;

WHIT-SUNDAY.

May Thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.

Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoever it be,
Grant us, Gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life, that gives us living
Life of Heavenly love,
Life, that brings us dying
Life from Heaven Above.

The Holy Trinity.

This God is our God for ever and ever : He shall be our guide
unto death.—Ps. xlviii. 13.

GREAT Architect of worlds unknown,
Who didst to all their order give,
And place as footstool to Thy Throne
This wondrous world in which we live ;
Who didst the Firmament unroll
O'er hill and dale, and sea and river,
And bidst the stars from pole to pole
Shine on for ever and for ever ;—
Build up within this heart of mine
A holy temple, worthier Thee,
And light the lamp of love Divine,
And scatter all that's dark in me.

Blest Saviour, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who dost with ever-watchful care
O'er all Thy flock Thy vigil keep,
Their every tear, and trial share ;
Who, when they wander far and wide
O'er hill and dale, and sea and river,
Dost bring them to Thy wounded Side,
To rest for ever and for ever ;—

Bring me, who oft have wandered here
O'er barren pastures bleak and cold,
With other wanderers far and near,
And fold us in Thy Heavenly Fold.

O wondrous Spirit, Who didst move
Above the waters' tranquil deep,
And broodedst o'er it as a dove,
Ere yet the world had woke from sleep;
Who on a new awakened earth
Didst come, man's sins from man to sever,
The Giver of a second birth
To life, for ever and for ever ;—
Renew Thy ever-quickenning grace
Within this laggard heart of mine,
That sin and sorrow ne'er efface
The gift that made and keeps me Thine.

O Great and Glorious Trinity,
Bend down Thine ear and hear my prayer,
And bid Thine angels, when I die,
On mounting pinions bear me there,
Where clear from out Thy sapphire Throne
The waters of a crystal river
Flow on rejoicing, that Thine own
May drink for ever and for ever ;

Where needs no moon to shine by night,
Nor sun to light the street by day;
For there Thy Glory is the Light ;—
“ The former things are passed away.”

Collect, Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.—PHIL. ii. 13.

LORD of power, Lord of might !
 God and Father of us all ;
 Lord of day, and Lord of night,
 Listen to our solemn call ;
 Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
 Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

Light and love and life are Thine,
 Great Creator of all good,
 Fill our souls with light Divine ;
 Give us with our daily food
 Blessings from Thy Heavenly store,
 Blessings rich for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts
 Love undying for Thy Name,
 Bid us ere the day departs
 Spread afar our Maker's fame ;
 Young and old together bless,
 Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest ;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of Eternal Love !
Call us to our Home above.

.

The Love of Christ.

All we like sheep have gone astray.—Is. liii. 6.

We all had sinned and gone astray,
 Like wandering sheep been driven,
 From out the true and living way,
 The only path to Heaven ;
 Far, far, and farther still,
 Though grace was freely given.

Amid the tangled mazes lost
 Of life's tumultuous day,
 Or in the surging billows tost
 Of passion's lawless sway ;
 No human hand was there
 Could purge our guilt away.

Our Saviour then in wondrous love,
 Saw from His throne on High ;
 And, 'mid the songs of choirs above,
 Looked down with pitying eye ;
 And thus, that we might live,
 He came on earth to die.

Let angels then His glories sing,
And saints His Name adore ;
Let lost and found their incense bring
To swell the living store,
That Heaven and earth may join
To praise Him evermore.

Christ our Shepherd.

There shall be one fold, and one Shepherd.—S. JOHN x. 16.

JESU, Heavenly Shepherd,
 Thou dost ever keep,
 Never weary waiting,
 Watches o'er Thy sheep ;
 Often we have wandered,
 Often wander now,
 Who can lead us homeward,
 Jesu ! Who but Thou ?

All we are, Thou knowest,
 All we e'er have been,
 Every deed Thou seest,
 Every thought within ;
 From the deed that darkens,
 Keep us, Jesu, keep,
 From the thought that staineth,
 Shepherd of the sheep.

Oft we heard Thee calling,
 "Wanderers, follow Me,"
 Wheresoe'er Thou ledest,
 Lord, we follow Thee ;

Though the way be toilsome,
 Though the path be steep,
'Thou wilt safely guide us,
 Shepherd of the sheep.

Wheresoe'er we wander,
 Whatsoe'er betide,
Lead us, Heavenly Shepherd,
 Homeward by thy side ;
Ever Thou be near us,
 From all evil keep,
Guide us, guard us, cheer us,
 Shepherd of the sheep.

When we faint and falter,
 Fain our shame to hide,
When in doubt we linger,
 Then be Thou our Guide ;
Are we worn and weary,—
 Should we fall asleep,
Be Thou then our Guardian,
 Shepherd of the sheep.

When the storm is beating
 Round, without, within,
Calling to remembrance
 Sorrow, shame, or sin ;

As in vain we clamber
Up the mountain-steep,
Then be Thou our Refuge,
Shepherd of the sheep.

When the wolf is watching
Where the waste is wide,
Cling we, Heavenly Shepherd,
Closer to Thy side ;
Faint with fear, and friendless,
When we fain would weep,
Dry the tear that's falling,
Shepherd of the sheep.

If the day be closing
Cheerless in the west,
O'er some lonely outcast,
Jesu, ever Blest,
From the distant mountains,
Ere he sink to sleep,
Gather in the wanderer,
Shepherd of the sheep.

Mountain, dale, and river
Then shall be our Home,
Pastured there for ever,
Where no ill can come ;

Where nor sin, nor sorrow
 E'er shall cause to weep,
Folded there together,
 Shepherd with His sheep.

Work.

There are six days in which men ought to work.—LUKE xiii. 14.

WORK is sweet, for God has blest
 Honest work with quiet rest,
 Rest below, and rest Above,
 In the Mansions of His Love,
 When the work of life is done,
 When the battle's fought and won.

Work ye then while yet 'tis day,
 Work, ye Christians, while ye may,
 Work for all that's great and good,
 Working for your daily food,
 Working whilst the golden hours,
 Health, and strength, and youth, are yours.

Working not your work for gold,
 Work that can be bought and sold,
 Not the work that worketh strife,
 But the working of a life,
 Careless both of good or ill,
 If ye can but do His will.

Working ere the day is gone,
Working till your work is done,
Not as traffickers at marts,
But as fitteth honest hearts,
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the blest.

.

The Invitation.

Behold the fig tree, and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand. — LUKE xxi. 29, 30.

COME, children, come, true lessons learning
 From earth and air and sea and sky,
 Come, gladly greet the spring returning
 With notes of heavenly harmony.

For every bird that blithely singeth,
 Should teach our laggard tongues to sing;
 And every blade that upward springeth,
 A message from our God should bring.

Full oft, 'tis true, will pain and sorrow
 A shadow throw across our door,
 But then again the sun to-morrow
 Will shine out brighter than before.

Both light and shadow interweaving,
 So woven is the web of life,
 That every tear a smile relieving
 May teach us courage in the strife.

Grief cometh but our joys to heighten,
 Whene'er we dream of what's in store,
Whilst joy our deepening griefs shall brighten,
 When sorrow standeth at the door.

E'en so in this our life's young morning
 Let praise with prayer inwoven be,
And with the birds at early dawning
 All joy in singing praise to Thee.

To Thee, O God, who all hast given
 To us in Thy redeeming love ;
That we, who for that love have striven,
 May join in angel-songs Above.

Prayer.

I.

Lord, teach us to pray.—LUKE xi. 1.

THERE are, who rising from their bed at morn,
 Ne'er bend in prayer the knee ;
 There are, when going to their rest, who give
 No praise, O God, to Thee.

O ye who, better taught, in youth perceive
 How falsely learnèd they,
 (However wise they think themselves to be,)
 Who have not learnt to pray ;

O ye who having lived a life of prayer,
 Have seldom gone astray,
 Oh ! pity such, and whilst ye pray yourselves,
 Teach others too to pray.

There are, who tossing to and fro with pain,
 Ne'er rest by night nor day ;
 More blessèd they, than those in health and
 strength,
 Who know not how to pray.

There are, who worn with sorrow, want, and care,
 Trode down on life's rough way ;
All else is dead, but that which giveth life,
 The will and power to pray.

There are, who having lost their all on earth,
 Their dearest swept away,
Are happier far, than those who've gainèd all,
 And lost their power to pray.

There are, who sit on God's Right Hand on High,
 And clad in bright array,
Who ever strove on earth to pray themselves,
 And others teach to pray.

Be it ours to live, that when the sun shall mark
 The close of this our day,
Our names be found with those who prayed them-
 selves,
 And others taught to pray.

Prayer.

II.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—JAMES V. 16.

WE know not, oh ! we know not, how far a prayer
may go,

And wing its flight

To realms of light

In accents sweet and low,

To win a grace divine, or ward a threatened blow.

From children in their cradles, whose very breath
is prayer,

Whose lisplings rise

Through listening skies

To regions bright and fair,

To find, for one they've lost, a better Father there.

For old men late repenting, whose web of life is
spun,

Whose tide of years

Hath ebb'd in tears,

And well-nigh ceased to run,

A peace unknown before shall then by prayer be
won.

And thoughtless men and maidens, who saunter
through the day,

Pass sunny hours ,

In culling flowers,

And dreaming life away,

Through prayer of those they love, themselves
shall learn to pray.

From working men and women, who toil from morn
till eve,

Whose chiefest strife

And care through life,

Is simply how to live,

A prayer shall win a wage that labour cannot give.

The sempstress at her needle, the weaver at his
loom,

With lips untaught,

And hearts o'erwrought,

Shall pierce the deepening gloom,

And catch a gleam of light from lands beyond the
tomb.

The mother for her daughter, the father for his son,

To them unknown,

To God alone,

Pray, ere their race is run,

To pardon errors past, and others yet undone.

The cravings of the hungry, the sad, half-uttered
cry

That famine wrings
From sufferings
Too deep for human eye,
On angel pinions borne shall wing their way on
high.

For angels ever circling around their vigils keep,
And listening hear,
And heavenward bear,
The holy thoughts that sweep
As sighing breezes through the souls of those who
weep.

Go then, the sun declining, in adoration fall,
For high and low,
For friend and foe,
For each, for one and all,
Go, pray to God on High to hear your suppliant
call.

So praying for each other, your prayers may heaven-
ward rise,
High still and higher,
A living fire
Of holy sacrifice,
To win a deathless life from Him Who never dies.

Contentment.

Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.—
1 PET. v. 7.

THRICE happy he whose tranquil mind
Whate'er, O Lord, his lot may be,
His truest source of peace can find
In casting all his care on Thee ;

Who ever strives from day to day,
With earnest faith through toil and pain,
To tread the strait and narrow way
Till Thou shalt claim Thine own again ;

Content to live, content to die,
Content, O Lord, through good or ill ;
Content—without the reason, why ?
Whate'er befall, to do Thy will.

For as some still unruffled lake
That sleeps beneath a mountain-crest,
No storms upon his bosom break
As calmly sinks his suu to rest.

So may we strive, and striving win
The prize of those who die forgiven,
Content to live, till freed from sin
We reach Thy mansions, King of Heaven.

The Golden Stairs.

Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing that is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.—Ps. xv. 1, 2.

SAY, who shall climb the golden stairs
 That reach from earth to heaven,
 Avoid the tangled thread of snares,
 The taint of earthly leaven ;
 Unwearied by the weary load
 That Christians have to bear,
 Who tread the strait and narrow road,
 And end their journey there ?

E'en he who tossed upon the wave
 Of sorrow's troubled sea,
 Both knows, O Lord, Thy power to save,
 And trusts his all to Thee ;
 Who looks beyond the gathered clouds
 That rend the threatening sky,
 The darkling mist that life enshrouds,
 And feels that Thou art nigh.

E'en he who uncorrupt in life,
In word, and spirit, true,
Whose one and ever-living strife
In all he finds to do,
Is with his might to do it, and
With open heart and free,
Who with, O Lord, no sparing hand,
In giving gives to Thee ;

Who lets no storm arise within,
To weigh his spirit down,
But toils through wind and rain to win
His never-fading crown ;
And in the ever-shifting scenes
Wherein his lot is cast,
On Thine unwavering promise leans,
To bring him Home at last.

Our Father's Care.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.—JAMES i. 17.

THY Mercies, God, what tongue can tell,
 As boundless as the boundless seas,
 O'er all creation on they come,
 Life, joy, and peace, on every breeze ;
 All, all we have, and all we are,
 Bears witness to a Father's care.

Whate'er Thou sendest, God, is good,
 Or be it joy, or be it pain,
 For e'en the darkest winter's day
 Foretells of summer sun again ;
 And ever-changing seasons bear
 Glad witness to a Father's care.

The cherished hopes of early youth,
 Though blown like autumn-leaves away,
 Whilst others struggling through the mist
 Are weeping o'er departing day,
 Yet still in saddened accents bear
 Their witness to a Father's care.

And when at length the evening light
Shall fail to crest the darkening wave,
Thy glorious Name shall shed a ray
E'en o'er the sad and silent grave,
And cause our latest breath to bear
Glad witness to a Father's care.

Harmony.

The Lord's mercies are new every morning.—
 LAM. iii. 22, 23.

ALL that's good, and great, and true,
 All that is, and is to be,
 Be it old, or be it new,
 Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

Mercies dawn with every day,
 Newer, brighter than before,
 And the sun's declining ray
 Layeth others up in store.

Not a bird that doth not sing
 Sweetest praises to Thy Name,
 Not an insect on the wing
 But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,
 All in happy concert ring,
 And in wondrous harmony
 Join in praises to their King.

Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain-top and wooded dell,
All, in singing, sing of Thee
Songs of love ineffable.

Fill us then with love Divine,
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May, in spirit being Thine,
See and hear Thee every where.

May we all with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth, Thy Name adore,
Till with angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

The Goal.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of
God in Christ Jesus.—PHIL. iii. 14.

SAVIOUR, Blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing ;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be—
Body, soul, and spirit—
All we yield to Thee.

Rich and poor together,
Suppliants young and old,
None shall here be wanting,
Pastor or his fold ;
One and all uniting,
All with one accord,
Men and women bringing
Incense to their Lord.

Farther, ever farther,
From Thy wounded side
Heedlessly we wandered ;
Wandered far and wide ;

Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Ere we fell asleep,
Lovingly and found us,
Shepherd of the sheep.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee.
Thou for our Redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die ;
Thou that we might follow,
Hast gone up on High ;

Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here,
True, and everlasting,
Are the glories there ;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known ;
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy Throne.

Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast ;

Every day that passeth,
Ever hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.

Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from Heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven ;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within,
Thou hast shed Thy Radiance
On a world of sin.

Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done ;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God ;

Leaving all behind us,
May we hurry on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

* Higher then and higher
Soars the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

* The following stanza was written at the request of Sir Henry Baker for H. A. & M., before the above was altered to its present form; as well as another which has been adopted by the compilers of the S.P.C.K. Hymnal and the Hymnary; but I prefer myself to return to the original version, with the slight alterations already mentioned.

Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unthought of,
 &c., &c.

General Thanksgiving.

In the midst of the Church will I sing praise unto Thee.—
HEB. ii. 12.

O THOU Who dwell'st in realms of light,
 "On clouds of glory seated,"
 To Thee we raise our songs of praise,
 Who hast mankind created ;
 The earth, the sea, all, all are Thine,
 The Heavens above, Thou Power Divine,
 All things that live, and all that move,
 Declare alike Thy wondrous love,
 And praise Thy Name for ever.

When sickness, pain, and care, and want,
 Had bowed our heads with sorrow,
 The sun at eve so darkly set,
 We feared to see the morrow ;
 Then dawn arose from misty night,
 And fringed the threatening clouds with light ;
 And so, before Thy glorious Throne,
 We yield our thanks to Thee alone,
 And praise Thy Name for ever.

Then wake, ye Christians ! Songs of praise
Like incense sweet ascending,
Shall reach our Great Creator's Throne,
With angel voices blending ;
Till tried by earth's refining fire,
We mount to join the Heavenly choir,
Where ransomed sinners, sin o'ercome,
Shall gather round their Father's Home,
And praise His Name for ever.

Life.

At evening time it shall be light.—ZECH. xiv. 7.

FALLING, lightly falling,
 Every minute and hour,
 Even the breeze in its whisper,
 Even the daintiest shower,
 Falling, lightly falling,
 Is shaking a leaf from the bower.

Dreaming, strangely dreaming,
 Dreaming the hours away,
 Whilst the minutes are flitting
 Fast, faster every day,
 Dreaming, strangely dreaming,
 Whilst death stands astride in the way.

Floating, idly floating,
 Floating down with the stream,
 Eddying round with the bubbles,
 Till like the bubbles we seem,
 Floating, idly floating,
 Away as a scene in a dream.

Flying, wildly flying,
Up in the clouds all day,
Up with the lark to the zenith,
Singing our roundelay,
 Flying, wildly flying
Our kites, as children at play.

Turning, blindly turning
Over and over again,
Page after page of the pages
That sicken again on the brain,
 Turning, blindly turning,
Our life into death with the strain.

Sailing, onward sailing,
Now on a motionless sea,
Now in the storm and the whirlwind,
Lost in the mystic "to-be,"
 Sailing, onward sailing,
And nought to be seen but the sea.

Changing, ever changing,
Light interlacing with shade,
Bright—as the gleam on the ripples,
Dark—as the cloud overhead,
 Changing, ever changing,
'Till dust in the dust shall be laid.

Dying, calmly dying,—
Light on the western sky
Piercing the gap in the mountains,
Gilding the bed where I lie,
Teacheth the truth in the dying,
That death is not death—though we die.

Before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.—
REV. iv. 6.

WAN and weary, sad, forsaken,
As a tree whose branch is shaken
By the wintry wind that bloweth
Down the rivulet that floweth,
 Eddying to an endless sea,
 Dark as dark Eternity.

As a word that's roughly spoken
Breaks a heart that ne'er was broken,
So my spirit withered lying,
Seared and fallen, broken, dying,
 Helpless hurries to a sea,
 Vast as vast Eternity.

Yet the branch 'neath sun and shower,
Oft again shall bud and flower,
Bowed with clustered branches glowing
O'er the rivulet that's flowing,
 Laughing to a tranquil sea,
 Calm as calm Eternity.

Wake, my heart, away with sorrow,
God shall send thee joy to-morrow,
Glowing as the fruit that gloweth
O'er the rivulet that floweth,
 Sparkling to the crystal sea,
 That compasseth Eternity.

Questioning.

Teach me to do Thy will.—Ps. cxliii. 10.

WHAT have I done?—how oft the thought
 Wells up unbidden from the deep,
 What have I done?—forgotten years
 Awake weird memories from their sleep,
 And, trembling on the time-worn wave,
 Come back as echoes from the grave.

What have I done? the fallen leaves
 Lie crushed and crumpled at my door,
 The shadows of the evening clouds
 Are lengthening on an Autumn floor,
 And backward from the dying sun
 The question's borne—"What hast thou done?"

Shrill through the chambers of my soul
 The winds of fifty years have blown,
 I hear the rusted casements creak,
 As Pride deserts his empty throne,
 And, loth his falling power to see,
 His wasted empire leaves to me.

I have lived to love, and loved to live,
Yet what's my life—my life—been worth ?
'Tis sweet to have, more sweet to give,
To feel I'm not alone on earth ;
And if I'm not on earth alone,
Then what for others have I done ?

I asked the lark, whose heaven-born song
Dropped trilling from the morning sky,
I asked the blackbird on the spray,
I asked the brooklet babbling by,
A clear voice sang—"The song we sing
Is tribute to our Heavenly King."

I asked the breezes as they blew
In softening sighs athwart the lea,
I asked the storm-cloud sweeping by,—
The answer came from tower and tree,
"In storm and calm, while yet we may,
God speaks the word, and we obey."

I asked the cattle on the hills,
The bleatings of the wandering flock,
The earth, the air, the sea, the sky,
The waters tumbling from the rock,
The shadows of the wearied day
That followed on my homeward way,

I asked of fruit, and flower, and field,
And caught from all the same reply,
“ From morn till eve we yearn to yield,
Fruit, flower, and field, abundantly,
To Him Who from His heavenly store,
The more we give, still gives the more.”

And is it left to flower and field,
Unconscious as the air they breathe,
Whereon we press our careless feet,
A crown of living love to wreath,
Whilst man stands idly by to scan
The deeds left yet undone by man ?

Shall every bird that lonely sings
His song beside the wandering rills,
Shall every insect's murmuring wings,
“ The cattle on a thousand hills,”
Reap blessings as they others bless
Ev'n in their very idleness ;

And man, whose throne is set on earth,
Before whose seat the angels stand,
Who conscious of his noble birth
Reigns lord of circling sea and land ;
Shall he, of all that live, alone
Leave that he hath to do, undone ?

Saints, prophets, martyrs, priests, and kings,
The noblest born, the lowliest poor,
Have left the memory of their deeds,
And laid them at my open door ;
Then dare I say that men have gone,
And left their work on earth undone ?

But backward comes the question still
In undertones, yet ever new,
Their works remain—but where are mine ?
Where much is done, there's more to do,
Whilst idlers in the world but live
To mar the gifts that God doth give.

How true the trite old proverb sounds,
Far truer than e'er yet before,
That "Life is short," when man begins
Too late to fund his golden store,
And fain would sow the rocky steep,
When time it were that he should reap.

'Tis hard, my God, to gather up
The broken fragments of all time,
To sweep the dusted floor that's strewn
With memories of a wasted prime,
'Tis hard to sink, as sinks the sun,
In shrouded skies o'er work undone.

But harder yet, O Lord, to feel
The weight of long-forgotten sin ;—
I pardon ask, Lord, pardon give,
And with the gift new strength to win
The grace, while life is left me, still
In all I do, to do Thy will.

Hope on.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing.—ROM. xv. 13.

HOPE on, Hope on, the golden days
Are not as yet a-dawning,
The mists of night
Precede the light,
And usher in the morning.

Hope on, Hope on, though black the clouds,
Black shadows intertwining,
Yet calm and still,
O'er heath and hill,
The stars will soon be shining.

Hope on, Hope on, through frost and snow,
Through trouble, toil, and sorrow,
Through wind and rain,
And tears and pain,
The sun shall pierce to-morrow.

Hope on, Hope on, though friends be few,
And dark the way before thee,
A God of love
From Heaven above
Shall shed His Radiance o'er thee.

Angel-Voices.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary
be at rest.—JOB iii. 17.

As I watched the sun at even,
Sinking in the golden west,
Came the sound of angel-voices
O'er the distant mountain crest,
“Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.”

Sweetly came those angel-voices,
Cheering to a heart opprest,—
“In the land where we are singing,
In the haven of the blest,
‘There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary be at rest.’

“Listen to our joyous voices,
Children, leave your parent's breast;
Ere your robes have lost their whiteness,
Seek the haven of the blest,
‘Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.’

“Fathers, worn by guilt and sorrow,
Mothers, toiling and distrest,
In the fading light of evening
Hasten o’er the mountain crest,
‘Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.’

“Come, ye sad and broken-hearted,
Sick, forsaken, and opprest,
Come and sing the song of angels
In the mansions of the blest,
‘Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.’

“Here are flowers never fading,
In eternal beauty drest;
Here the birds, for ever singing,
Sing the glories of the blest,
‘Here the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.’

“Here nor pain nor sorrow enters,
Anguish ne’er doth wring the breast,
All is joy, and peace, and gladness,
In the mansions of the blest,
‘Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.’

“ Here the Lamb enthroned in splendour,
North, and South, and East, and West,
Pales the sun in all its glory,
On the distant mountain crest,
‘ Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.’ ”

Thus they sang—and ever singing,
Comfort to my weary breast
Brought those happy angel-voices
From the haven of the blest,
“ Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.”

The Haven.

So He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.—
Ps. cvii. 30.

HEAR ye not your Saviour calling,
 Calling from the distant shore,
 Calling o'er the troubled waters
 Ever and for evermore ?
 Trust the ocean now no longer,
 Clouds are rising in the west ;
 Come to Me, and seek the haven
 Where the weary be at rest.

Peaceful are its living waters
 Rippling in the golden light,
 Brighter than a sea of crystal
 With eternal Glory bright ;
 There nor sudden storm or tempest
 Beats upon its tranquil shore,
 There no sound—but songs of gladness
 Ever and for evermore.

Listen, for the days are fleeting,
 Listen to your Saviour's Call,
 Listen, whilst the heart is beating,
 Ere the evening shadows fall ;

Listen, for His Call is louder
Than the loudest call of mirth ;
Listen, for His Voice is sweeter
Than the sweetest voice on earth.

Earthly joys are few and failing,
Waning is the summer's day,
See the shadows as they lengthen
Chasing evening lights away ;
Darkness o'er your life is creeping,
Storms are brooding in the sky,—
Hear ye not your Saviour calling ?
Hasten to Him ere ye die.

Hasten, ere the storm that's brooding
Bursts in torrents o'er your head,
Ere the sun that now is setting
Setteth o'er your dying bed ;
Hasten, ere the leaves are fallen,
Ere the winter days are come,
Ere the year has lost its sweetness,
Hasten, Christian pilgrim, home.

Lost in holy contemplation,
Yearning for a Higher Sphere,
Learn to pass the night of sadness
Till the dawning draweth near,

Till ye hear your Saviour calling,
 Calling from a Nearer Shore,—
Having crossed the troubled waters
 Ever and for evermore.

Mid-day Hymn.

I.

Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness
arise with healing in His Wings.—MAL. iv. 2.

SEE the sun high heaven ascending,
Half his fiery course hath run,
Joy his chariot-wheels attending,
Till his promised work is done ;
Be your course while yet it may,
Bright as sun at bright mid-day.

Light, and life, and peace, he bringeth,
Land and sea his empire own,
Every bird his glory singeth,
Sadness reigns when he is gone ;
Be your life, while yet it may,
Pure and bright as bright mid-day.

Storms beneath him lie a-dying,
Sinks the sullen ocean swell,
Mark the clouds before him flying,
See his beams the mists dispel ;
Be your life, while yet it may,
Cloudless as a cloudless day.

Then shall Light all light excelling,
Christ, the Sun of suns, arise,
And in humble hearts indwelling,
Light their pathway to the skies,
Where, when worlds have passed away,
They shall reign in endless day.

Mid-day Hymn.

II.

In the evening, and morning, and at noonday will I pray,
and that instantly ; and He shall hear my voice.—Ps. lv. 18.

THY love for all Thy creatures
What tongue, O God, may tell,
The morning, noon, and evening,
Alike our praise compel ;
The morning, noon, and evening,
Whene'er they rise or fall,
Unite to hymn Thy praises,
Great Maker of them all.

See, see, the sun in splendour
Hath lit his fires on high,
The farther on his journey,
The higher in the sky ;
And when again he sinketh
Beneath the western wave,
A radiant crown of glory
Shall kindle o'er his grave.

May we to whom in mercy
A brighter light is given,
The farther on our journey,
The nearer be to Heaven ;
And when the shades of evening
Shall lengthen o'er our heads,
May rays of heavenly glory
Illume our dying beds.

Shine ! shine ! Thou Sun Eternal,
And cast a ray Divine
On those who hymn Thy praises,
Both now, and ever, Thine ;
For then no cloud of evening
Shall gather round the past,
But Thou, O Christ, shalt light us
Safe Home,—safe Home at last.

Afternoon Hymn.

The Lord shall be thine Everlasting Light.—Is. lx. 20.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
 And spent too soon her golden store,
 The shadows of departing day
 Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
 Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
 Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
 Safe Home at last.

Oh ! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
 Uplift our hearts to realms on High ;
 Help us to look to that Bright Place
 Beyond the sky,

Where Light, and Life, and Joy, and Peace,
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain ;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where 'Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all.

A fourth Stanza for the Hymn of
S. Anatolius.

"The day is past and over."

And when again the morning
Pours forth its joyous ray,
Then send Thy Holy Angels
To guide me on my way ;
And keep me ever in Thy sight
From night to morn and morn to night.

Holy Baptism.

Go ye therefore and teach all nations, &c.—MATT. xxviii. 19.

In the Name of God the Father,
 In the Name of God the Son,
 With the Everliving Spirit,
 The Eternal Three in One,
 Child of man, and born in sin,
 Knocking at the gates of Heaven,
 Seeking grace to enter in,
 Grace through Christ to be forgiven ;
 We tread the path our fathers trod,
 And seal thee here a child of God.

Washed beneath the mystic waters,
 May thy soul rise pure and bright,
 Cleansed by God's Eternal Spirit,
 Clothed in robes of Heavenly light ;
 Free to tread where Christ hath trod,
 From the guilt of Adam free ;
 Born—but now reborn of God,
 Child of Christian liberty,
 We stamp the cross upon thy brow,
 The cross, a sign of freedom now.

Christ hath claimed thee for His soldier,—
Taking then the shield of faith,
Fight beneath His glorious banner,
Fight 'gainst Satan to the death ;
Fear no foeman in the field,
“ Forward ” be thy battle cry,
Safe beneath that wondrous shield,
Till the final victory
Shall place the crown upon the brow
That bears the cross so bravely now.

Holy Communion.

This do in remembrance of Me,—LUKE xxii. 19.

ALL ye who seek a rest Above,
 Oh ! hear ye not your Saviour's call ?
 A call of peace, a call of love,
 The best and truest call of all,—
 " Ye heavy-laden, come partake ;
 My Body's broken for your sake."

Doubt not ! it is your Saviour's voice,—
 Of Him Who wills that all should live ;
 Doubt not ! The heavens and earth rejoice
 That God His Own Dear Son should give,
 The ransomed sinner's sinless price,—
 The Lamb,—a Spotless Sacrifice.

Let memory turn to ages past,
 And that dark hour with tears recal,
 Our Saviour Christ betrayed at last,
 And led to Pilate's judgment-hall ;
 Our " Prophet, Priest, and King " denied,
 Mocked, scourged, condemned, and crucified.

It is our Saviour calling now,
The Same Who died upon the tree ;
Who, ere He filled the cup of woe,
In mercy said, " Remember Me ;"
Again He calls, " In faith partake ;
My Body's broken for your sake."

A dying brother's parting word
The hardest heart can scarce deny ;
Deny not then your dying Lord,
Nor pass His Holy Table by ;
But hasten, lay your burden down,
And win through Him a Heavenly Crown.

Burial of the Dead.

Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.—
1 THESS. iv. 14.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! wondrous sleep
Of those whose eyes have ceased to weep
For deeds done ill, and deeds not done,
Ere yet their race on earth was run.

Asleep in Jesus ! happy sleep
For those who sow in tears to reap,
Whose sorrows past and struggles o'er,
Now rest in Him for evermore.

Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
For them e'en angels cease to weep,
What need their guardian watch to keep
O'er those who sleep so sweet a sleep ?

Asleep in Jesus ! happy he
Whose sleep at last in Him shall be,
Whose waking dream it is to lie
Asleep, his Saviour watching nigh.

Asleep in Jesus ! happy they
Who wake on that Eternal Day,
To share, with those whom God shall bring,
The glories of His triumphing.

Asleep in Jesus ! who can weep
For those who sleep so calm a sleep ?
Then let the living for the dead
In Christ, by Christ be comforted.

Asleep in Jesus ! none can tell
The joys of those He loves so well ;
Then, Holy Jesu, grant that we
May, dying, fall asleep in Thee.

The Victory.

Death is swallowed up in victory.—1 Cor. xv. 54.

O DEATH, thou art no more,
 Thou too, O Death, art dead ;
 The path man trod before
 Thyself must tread.

O Death, thou art no more,
 For Christ, the lost to save,
 Hath opened wide the door,
 And left the grave ;

In dying, thee hath slain,
 In living, life hath given,
 And rending Hell in twain,
 Hath opened Heaven.

Then, Christian, cease to weep, ·
 Shed now no hopeless tear,
 A little while of sleep,
 And morn is near ;

The morn that knows no night,
 In realms of cloudless day,
 Where glorious saints in light
 Their homage pay.

Weep not ! the gate of life
Henceforth is dreaded death ;
The end of life-long strife
Our dying breath.

Weep not ! the victory's won ;
Away with doubts and fears,
Christ—when our work is done—
Will dry our tears.

Thoughts in a Churchyard.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—REV. xiv. 13.

BENEATH our feet the dead are sleeping,
 The green sod o'er them lightly prest ;
 Whilst weary hearts above are weeping,
 That those they love are gone to rest.

Yet why should we be worn with sorrow,
 Whilst watching by their lowly bed,
 Since we perhaps before to-morrow
 May sleep beside the happy dead ?

Ay ! happy ! for their sorrow's over,
 And e'en the turf we'd fain remove,
 O'erspreads a roof their cares to cover,
 And shields them from the world above.

Fair strings of pearls they left behind them,
 Stored deep in memory's calm retreat ;
 Around our brows then let us bind them,
 Nor tread them down beneath our feet.

The way of life in meekness learning,
Their souls ne'er cloyed with worldly leaven,
With lamps 'mid darkness brightly burning,
They died to earth, and lived for Heaven.

Then cease, ye mourners, cease your weeping,
They toil no more by care opprest ;
Mourn not for them, they now are sleeping
The happy sleep of saints at rest.

On seeing a Wild Rose

GROWING AMONGST THE BRANCHES OF A YEW
IN LOUGHTON CHURCHYARD.

He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like
the garden of the Lord.—Is. li. 3.

High over the graves
The yew-tree waves,
Dank and dark as the sod underneath,
The lowering yew
With its tears of dew
Drops heavily over the chambers of death.

And the mourners pass
O'er the well-trod grass,
Bitterly weeping for those that are gone,
Their cheeks wet with tears
Of those by-gone years,
Which have left them for ever to sorrow alone.

And the yew-tree waves
O'er the fresh-made graves,
Where the brother his sister has laid ;
And the young mother weeps
For the darling that sleeps
Her last quiet sleep in its desolate shade.

But blossoming there
In the moist blue air,
And lovingly throwing its green arms round,
The wild briar rose
Fresh fragrancy throws
On the grass that's scarce grown on the grave-
strewn ground.

A memory meet
Of the fragrancy sweet
They shed whilst on earth on the scenes of their
pain ;
A star in its flight
To those gardens of light,
In which they shall one day blossom again.

God's Barn.

In the time of harvest I will say to the reapers,
Gather the wheat into my barn.—MATT. xiii. 30.

SHE is gone to the land whence the white reapers
 come,
 To gather the corn that is full in the ear,
And lay it in store till the last Harvest Home,
 When the Lord of the Harvest Himself shall
 appear.

Toil, trouble, and care had been sown in the
 field,
 And ripened its seed with the ripening grain ;
The thorn and the thistle that grew side by side,
 Were watered alike by the dew and the rain.

The thorn and the thistle lie soddened and soiled,
 To be trod underfoot by the lone passer-by ;
The grain that had grown on the same furrowed
 field,
 Is gathered and garnered by angels on High.

No memory now of the tears that are shed,
The cares and the sorrows lie low in the sod,
The faith and the love and the works of a life,
Are ripened and stored in the barn of her God.

May He Who's the One loving Father of all,
Who watches o'er all with His tenderest care,
Send His angels from Heaven when our Harvest
is ripe,
And gather us in to be harvested there.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. vii. 17.

I SAW a vision in the night,
A ransomed soul had taken flight.

Hallelujah !

The spirit had the body rent,
And left its earthly tenement.

Hallelujah !

And angels from the upper air
Came, caught, and clasped, and bore it there.

Hallelujah !

Their voices echoing through the skies,
“ Ope wide the gates of Paradise.

Hallelujah !

“ A saintly spirit washed from sin,
Through Christ would crave to enter in.”

Hallelujah !

Then hark ! the answering hosts reply
In notes of heavenly harmony,

Hallelujah !

Bright spirit come, in Jesu blest,
Come, enter thou thy promised rest.

Hallelujah !

Thro' tribulation, toil, and pain
Thou hast fought the fight, and not in vain.

Hallelujah !

The cross is stamped upon thy brow,
The cross a crown of glory now.

Hallelujah !

Come rest with saints unnumbered, rest,
A witness to that cross confest.

Hallelujah !

Come rest till that last dawn shall break,
When earth shall earth with joy forsake.

Hallelujah !

And that frail form once torn with pain
Shall rise to claim its own again.

Hallelujah !

And in the boundless realms of light
With thee, bright spirit, reunite.

Hallelujah !

The mortal now no more to die,
To put on immortality.

Hallelujah !

And mount through spheres and worlds unknown,
To the Almighty Father's Throne.

Hallelujah !

Where saints their joy on joys prolong
In cadence of unwearied song.

Hallelujah !

Till Heaven's o'erarching ceilings ring
With praises to th' Eternal King ;

Hallelujah !

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
'Mid myriads of the heavenly host ;

Hallelujah !

The Everlasting One in Three,
Who gave to them the victory
O'er Satan, sin, and death.

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah !

Amen.

Saints' Days.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom
of their Father.—MATT. xiii. 43.

THE evening light is streaming
Athwart the western sky,
In joyous beauty gleaming,
All loth as yet to die ;
On yonder distant mountain,
On cliff, and crag, and spire,
To where the golden fountain
Pours down in liquid fire.

Thus tells the sun his story,
As evening shadows creep,
When in a sea of glory
He slowly sinks to sleep ;
All lesser lights excelling,
He streams o'er heath and hill,
With parting ray foretelling
A brighter morning still.

So Saints whose words have lighted
The hearts of young and old,
And brought to souls benighted
The news of joys untold ;

When all the ties that bound them
To those on earth are riven,
The night that closes round them
Foretells a morn in Heaven.

S. Thomas the Apostle.

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—JOHN xx. 29.

ONE human soul recalled by Christ
 Returned, but with returning breath
 Told not of what it is to die,
 But passing o'er it silently,
 In silence solved the mystery
 Of death in life, and life in death.

But Who this mighty wonder wrought
 Had followed Lazarus to the grave,
 And He Who raised the dead had died,
 And Hell her mouth had opened wide
 In scorn to claim the Crucified,
 The Saviour Who had failed to save.

Dark doubtings then in many hearts,
 Sad searchings with the faithful few,
 Their much-loved Lord had gone, and they
 Could now but wait and watch and pray
 In patience for returning day,
 To launch their bark on life anew.

The night of that dark afternoon
Still hung in sadness o'er His grave,
There lay the thoughts He loved to share,
The Life that theirs had made so fair,
There all they ever had,—and there
What now they never more could have.

The sun had set on Judah's hills,
And night in sullen silence frowned
On palace, citadel, and tower,
Lone fragments of a wasted power,
The knell of whose departing hour
Rang out with no uncertain sound.

The olives stood on Olivet,
Dumb mourners in their tearless grief,
O'er the lone city as it lay,
Deserted by expiring day,
And watching ere it died away,
Blushed crimson in each quivering leaf.

But soon, in Eastern radiance clad,
Morn up the mountain ridges ran,
And dreaming night fled far away
Beyond the western sea, and day
Shone o'er the land once more, for aye
Made sacred by the shame of man.

A day of sadness, gloom, and grief,
And yet of silent hope within
The hearts of those who saw Him die,
Yet deemed that in His agony
He'd struck the chord of Victory,
And saved a world from sin.—

And when another morn had rolled
Her misty shroud from off the scene,
From lip to lip the rumour ran,
That Death had loosed her grasp on man,
And Christ had, ere the day began,
Appeared to Mary Magdalene.

But "idle tales!" the sun his grave
Might make in yonder mirror'd sea,
And rise new-born new life to give ;—
But man! could man from earth revive,
And sun-like rise, self-raised, to live
On earth once more? It could not be.

Vain thought! was this the widest breach
That man's poor puny mind could span,
At morn, the climbing up the steep,
A noon—an eve—and then a sleep
Beneath a dark unfathomed deep—
The last long, long, long sleep of man?

Was this the goal of all the past,
The mark of twice two thousand years ;
Where were the prophecies, and where
The hopes that in their hopeless prayer,
As sunbeams in the winter air,
Pierced through the blinding mist of tears ?

Awake once more ! They did but sleep,
Borne to and fro, and in and out,
As eddies in a fretful stream,
A restless slumber, soon to seem
But fragments of a broken dream
Too dark for truth, too true for doubt.

For as they mourned and wept, Himself,
E'en Jesus, stood, unchanged, unmoved,
The same calm eye its living ray
Of love forth sent, the same to-day
As ever, yesterday, and aye,
The same—Beloving and Beloved.

Strange, wondrous sight ! but yestereve
Had seen the sky with black o'ercast,
Then the dark watches of the night,
A dawn—a day—and now a Light,
Of lights above all others bright,
Burst in upon the darkling past.

What mingled thoughts of love and awe,
As now the sounds of mourning cease ;
They see their Saviour standing there,
The living answer to their prayer,
With all save one, their joy to share,
And hear the whispered word of " Peace."

With all save one ! praise God for him
Whose doubt gave birth to larger faith ;
And from whose weakness rose a wall
Of strength to others, and to all
Who should hereafter Jesus call
Their Lord and Master e'en to death.

For could ere this ought else be said ?
Death called, and man obeyed the call ;
The burden borne on every tongue,
In still unchanging changes rung,
And death undying closer clung,
And reigned in terror over all.

But would the grave give up her dead,
Since Christ the Lord of life had died ?—
The riddle was unravelled then
E'en to His doubting servant, when
He heard his Saviour's voice again,
And thrust his finger in His side.

Up faltering hearts! away with fear,
For honest doubt but breedeth faith,
And thoughts divided by the strain,
As torrent waters rent in twain,
But part, in Christ to meet again,
And share His triumph over death;

The blessing that He left behind
On those who, though they could not see,
Should yet believe, is thine and mine,
The parting ray of Light Divine,
Left by Eternal Love to shine
On struggling myriads yet to be.

The worst is o'er! Take heart and pray,
As bending low beneath the rod,
No longer left to fight alone,
That thou may'st know as thou art known,
And, gazing on His glorious Throne,
With Thomas cry, "My Lord, my God."

Choristers' Hymn.

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—1 COR. xiv. 15.

LET our happy voices rise,
Soaring to our God on High,
Upwards pouring through the skies
Notes of heavenly harmony.

Come, ye neighbours, join our choir,
Let the vaulted ceilings ring,
Higher still and ever higher,
With loud anthems to our King.

Young and old together come,
Hearts as well as voices bring ;
Till He call us to our Home,
Here on earth His glories sing.

Tuning thus our voices here,
Breathing heavenly melody,
May we, death o'ercome, appear
Hymning with the choirs on High,

Hymning to His endless praise,
When our work on earth is done,
And with angel legions raise
Hallelujahs round His Throne.

Church Consecration Hymn.

But will God indeed dwell on the earth?—I KINGS viii. 27.

O THOU who sitt'st enthroned above all worlds
 both great and small,
 Who in the boundless realms of space hast made
 and placed them all;
 Who art from countless ages past, for ages yet to
 be,
 Shalt ever live and reign on High, o'er all eternally;
 Whilst those who by Thy power were made, still
 by Thy bounty live,
 Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and
 hearing, Lord, forgive.

The Heaven of heavens cannot contain, much less
 this house of ours,
 Thy great and glorious Majesty; though buttresses
 and towers,
 Upraised by willing hearts and hands for willing
 hearts to pray,
 Shall echo round Thy praises;—yet whene'er by
 night or day,

Those, Lord, who fain would serve Thee well, thus
in Thy service live,
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and
hearing, Lord, forgive.

When mothers bring their helpless babes in loving
faith to Thee,
Almighty Father, Heavenly King, Eternal One in
Three,
Pour down Thy Holy Spirit here, wash every sin
away,
And stamp Thy seal upon their brows, as all before
Thee pray ;
Whilst those who trust their all to Thee, in faith
and love would live,
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and
hearing, Lord, forgive.

When sinners, wearied with the load of oft-repeated
sin,
Knock meekly at Thy temple gates, and crave to
enter in,
And bending lowly on their knees, though sore
oppressed with guilt,
For mercy cry, "Have mercy, Lord, do with us
what Thou wilt:"

When those who thus for mercy cry, in hope of
mercy live,
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and
hearing, Lord, forgive.

When crowds shall gather round Thy courts, or
worshippers be few,
Who deep in adoration fall, with loving hearts and
true,
To celebrate with prayer and praise the mysteries
Divine,
And joy to feel their spirits draw nearer and
nearer Thine ;
When those who thus come near to Thee, would
ever nearer live,
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and
hearing, Lord, forgive.

And when the last long sleep hath laid some much-
loved form to rest,
To wait the Resurrection morn in Paradise the
blest,
Until that glorious dawn shall break, when they
who sleep alone,
And they who sorrow round the grave, shall meet
before Thy Throne ;

* O Mighty Victor over death, O Life of all that
live,
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and
hearing, Lord, forgive.

* I am indebted for this fine line to the Rev. Dr. Dykes of
S. Oswald's, Durham, by whom the hymn has been set to music.

Churchyard Consecration Hymn.

That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.—
1 COR. xv. 36.

BENEATH the Church's hallowed shade,
We consecrate, O Lord, to Thee
This plot of ground, wherein to lay
The remnants of mortality ;
That they who bear upon their brows
The cross that Thou, O Christ, hast borne,
May here—the cross above their graves—
Await the Resurrection morn.

Away from busy haunts of men,
Where death shall plough, and death shall sow,
But ne'er shall reap the grain he sows,
For other reapers left to grow,
Until the great-world-harvest field
With ripened grain is whitened o'er,
And "white-winged" reapers come to reap
And gather in their golden store.

Days, months, and years will soon be gone,
Our sun e'en now is sinking low,
Break up, O Lord, our fallow ground,
With heavenly seed the furrows sow ;
Rain down on all Thy quickening grace,
That when Thou com'st on earth again,
The Angel-reapers here may reap
A hundredfold of ripened grain.

An Organ Hymn.

Praise God in His sanctuary Praise Him with
stringed instruments and organs.—Ps. cl. 1, 4.

HARK ! hark ! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting,
To sing our *Great Creator's* praise,
Both rich and poor uniting ;
Ye heavens and earth rejoice,
And every heart and voice
Your joyous strains upraise,
In notes of endless praise,
Before His Throne for ever.

Hark ! hark ! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting,
To sing the praise of *Christ our King*,
Both rich and poor uniting,
Who left His Throne on High,
And lowly came to die,
That we from earth might rise
To realms beyond the skies,
And live with Him for ever.

Hark ! hark ! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting,
To sing the *Holy Spirit's* praise,
Both rich and poor uniting ;
Who bids us flee from sin,
And makes us pure within,
Till warmed with heavenly love,
We yearn to sing above
Sweet songs of praise for ever.

Hark ! hark ! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting,
To high upraise our songs of praise,
Both rich and poor uniting,
To God the *Father, Son,*
And *Spirit, Three in One ;*
Till soaring high and higher,
We join the Heavenly choir
Before His Throne for ever.

Missions.

For all shall know Me, from the least to the greatest.—HEB.
viii. 11.

WHAT tongue can tell Thy wondrous love,
 Thy wondrous love to man below,
 That made Thee leave Thy Throne above,
 That sin-defiled man might know,
 And ever find, O Christ, in Thee
 His pledge of Immortality.

For every day our praises rise,
 And every day we bow the knee,
 And whilst we sing, the listening skies
 Bend down in silent sympathy,
 As now we journey on our way,
 The children of Eternal Day.

Yet sin o'er myriad human souls
 E'en now its darkling shadow flings,
 And Satan proudly conquering rolls
 His chariot wheels o'er captive kings,
 Whilst wondering nations, gathering, meet
 To scatter tribute at His feet.

Then send Thy Holy Spirit down
On those who hear, and those who preach,
That far and near, o'er land and sea,
Thy word may other nations reach,
That they who bow to wood and stone
May bow to Thee, and Thee alone.

Till every people under heaven,
And we who sing Thy praises now,
May know and feel the wondrous love
That Thou dost bear to man below,
Thy wondrous love for man,—the love
That serves on earth, but reigns Above.

Home Missions.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.—MATT. xxv. 40.

HEAR ye not the voice of weeping
 Nearer, clearer, than before,
 Can it be that we are sleeping,
 Whilst the foe is at our door,
 Whilst the foe his watch is keeping—
 Keeping at our very door?

Sickness, sadness, sin, and sorrow,—
 Hear ye not the children's cry,
 Can it be that still "to-morrow"
 Still "to-morrow"—"by-and-by"—
 "Time enough to help to-morrow"—
 "Time enough" is still the cry?

Hungry, thirsty, poor, forsaken,
 Hunger gnawing at the core,
 Can it be we ne'er awaken
 To the hunger at our door,
 To the sick, the sad forsaken,
 And the hungry at our door?

Closely linked to one another
Human weal and human woe,
Can it be that brother brother
Should but know him but to know,
All his sorrows one the other,
And to leave him to his foe?

Children crying in the city,
Crying for the children's bread,
Can it be that pity's pity—
E'en that pity's self—is dead,
E'en the pity for the children
Crying for the children's bread?

Brother sister, sister brother,
Groveling in the haunts of sin,
Can it be that one the other
Ne'er will stretch a hand to win,
Brother sister, sister brother,
From the foulest haunts of sin?

Love is strong, ay ! love is stronger.
Stronger than aught else beside,
Lingering—yet it lasteth longer,
Longer, Lord, whate'er betide,
Waxeth stronger, lasteth longer,
Longer than aught else beside.

Bind us with the love that bindeth
Closer as the years unroll,
He is truly great who findeth
Broken hearts to make them whole,
Loves to feel the love that bindeth
Heart to heart, and soul to soul.

Holy Jesu, mark us kneeling,
Send us from Thy Throne on High
Grace and strength to aid in healing
Brothers in their misery,
Brothers in their need appealing
To a brother's sympathy.

A Hospital Hymn.

And they brought unto Him all sick people —and
He healed them.—Matt. iv. 24.

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain ;
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Every care and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When—where'er it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad in gladness
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

Synods, Conferences, Choral Festivals, &c.

O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.—Ps. c. 3.

O SING to the Lord with a psalm of thanksgiving,
For great is His wisdom, and great is His love,
Your voices raise heavenward, that angels, descend-
ing,
May join in our chorus and bear it above.

To Christ our song is raised to-day,
To Christ the Everlasting King,
To Him let all their homage pay,
To Him their sweetest anthem sing,
For evermore.

Priests, Prophets, and Martyrs have trodden be-
fore us ;
The path that we tread too our fathers have
trod,
The path deeply worn by the feet of the pilgrims
Who have journey'd on earth to the throne of
their God.

To Christ our song, &c.

The path of the Church, the loved heirloom of
ages,

The Church of the cottage, the palace, and throne,
The Church that is built on Apostles and Prophets,
Christ Jesus Himself being Chief Corner-Stone.

To Christ our song, &c.

As brothers in Christ we are banded together,
New light and new life to ingather in love ;
May God's Holy Spirit, in radiance descending,
Illumine our hearts with His truth from above.

To Christ our song, &c.

* March ! march ! then in faith, for the angels are
watching,

Prayer, praise, and thanksgiving to bear to His
throne,

Our prayer for His Spirit, to guide in the council,
Our praise and thanksgiving for all He hath
done.

To Christ our song, &c.

Then sing to the Lord, whilst the day is before us,
Each voice be uplifted to join in the strain,
Till nave, aisle, and chancel re-echo in chorus
Our song of thanksgiving again and again.

* This verse may be omitted when sung at other times than
Synods and Conferences.

To Christ our song is raised to-day,
To Christ the Everlasting King,
To Him let all their homage pay,
To Him their sweetest anthems sing,
For evermore.

Dismissal Hymn, Friendly Societies, Guilds, &c.

That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and
I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.—S. JOHN xvii. 21.

GOD the Father, God the Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Now our hallowed task is done,
 And our prayer is prayed ;
Listen as to Thee we raise
This our thankful hymn of praise,
Ere the sun's declining rays
 Deepen into shade.

One, O Lord, we meet to-day,
One in heart and voice to pray,
Soon to bend our peaceful way
 Homeward with the sun ;
May the bonds of living love
Bind us closer as we move
Onward to our Home above,
 When our day is done.

One we meet to pray and sing
Praises to our Heavenly King ;
Lord, in this and everything,

Make us one in Thee.

One in heart, and one in mind,
One in fellowship combined,
Seeking good in all to find,
Good in all to see.

One from rise to set of sun,
One,—our working day,—and one,
When our day of work is done,

In our Home above ;

One with all we love the most,
Praising, with the Angel-host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Heavenly love.

Peace.

The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.—
Ps. xxix. 10.

PEACE, blessèd peace, sweet child of love,
Best gift that is, or e'er can be
To man below from God above ;
Da pacem nobis Domine.

Life, hurrying life, is all too short,
That man with man should not agree,
The good, if gained, too dearly bought ;
Da pacem nobis Domine.

When war her screaming clarion blows,
Keep us who sing Thy praises free
From inward terrors, outward foes ;
Da pacem nobis Domine.

When gathering squadrons meet in strife,
And passions reign o'er land and sea,
When nations grapple life for life,—
Da pacem nobis Domine.

Let peace in all our houses reign,
And in our hearts enthronèd be,
Till sun, and moon, and stars shall wane,
Da pacem nobis Domine.

Peace lightens every home within,
And bringing joy to bond and free,
It winneth all, that all may win ;
Da pacem nobis Domine.

Sweet Plenty follows in her train,
And gathers fruit from flower and tree,
Beneath her tread Earth smiles again ;
Da pacem nobis Domine.

One Lord, one Faith, one Hope for all ;
So may we all be one in Thee,
Until we hear Thy midnight call,
Da pacem nobis Domine.

Give peace to all on earth beneath,
Whate'er betide, our song shall be,
Our song in life, our prayer in death ;
Da pacem nobis Domine.

Times of Scarcity.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation.—
HAB. iii. 17, 18.

THOU that sendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea,
May we ne'er of Thee complain,
Whatsoever our lot may be.

Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
May we still this lesson learn,
Ne'er to murmur or complain.

Fewer flocks, or fewer herds,
Scanty though our store may be,
Still we seem to hear Thy words,
“Trust, ye faithful, trust in Me.”

All we have, we know, is Thine,
Thine to give and take away;
Feed us then with food Divine,
Feed us this and every day.

Thus as changeful seasons bring
Wealth or want, whiche'er it be ;
Uncomplaining still we'll sing,
Simply trusting all to Thee.

•

The Sailor's Hymn.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.—
Is. xliii. 2.

THE ocean hath no danger
For those whose prayers are made
To Him Who in a manger
A helpless Babe was laid ;
Who, born to tribulation,
And every human ill,
Yet, Lord of His Creation,
The wildest waves can still.

If fierce the tempest round us,
And white the angry deep,
Yet He, Whose love hath found us,
Will still His treasure keep ;
Nor wind nor wave can harm us,
Though hope itself grow dim,
No tempest need alarm us,
If peace we seek in Him.

Though life itself be waning,
And waves shall o'er us sweep,
The wild wind's sad complaining
Shall lull us still to sleep ;

For as a gentle slumber
E'en death itself shall prove,
To those whom Christ doth number
As worthy of His Love.

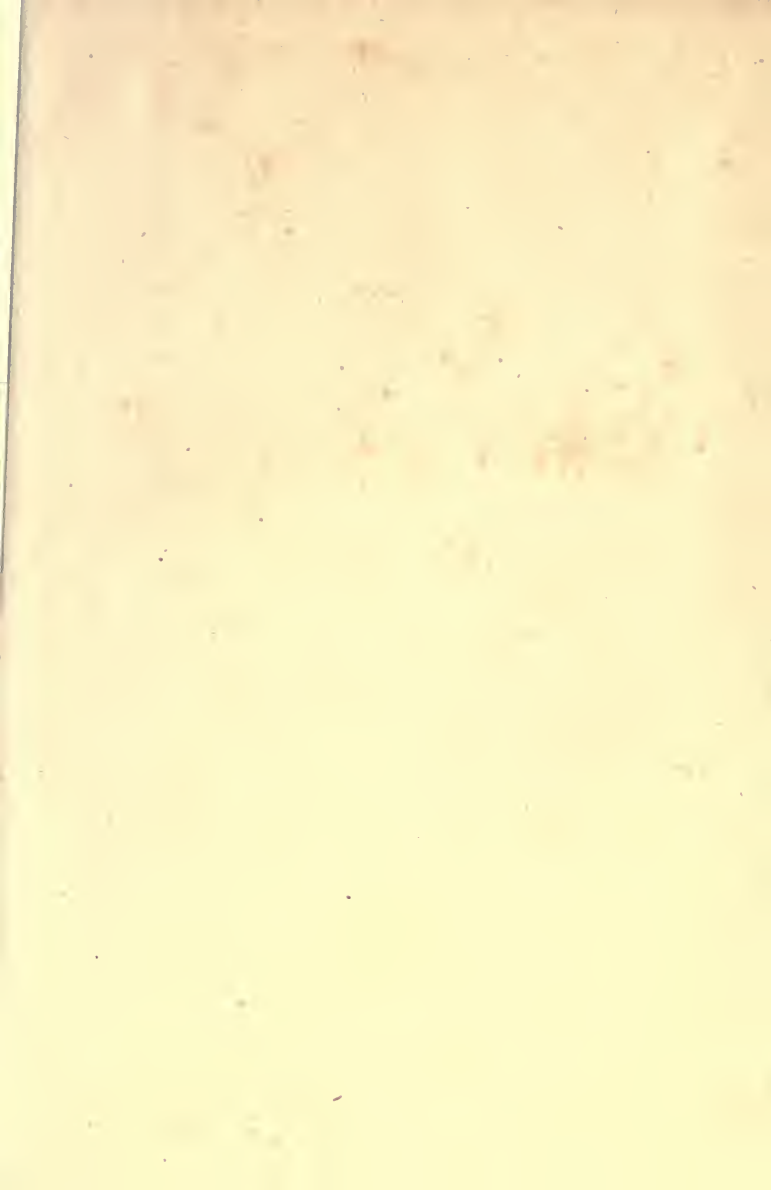
Then, Holy Jesu, hear us,
And keep us free from harm,
Have pity, Lord, and bear us
On Thy supporting Arm.
Should storm or calm befall us,
Whate'er our lot may be,
When all is o'er,—then call us
Home, Saviour,—Home to Thee.

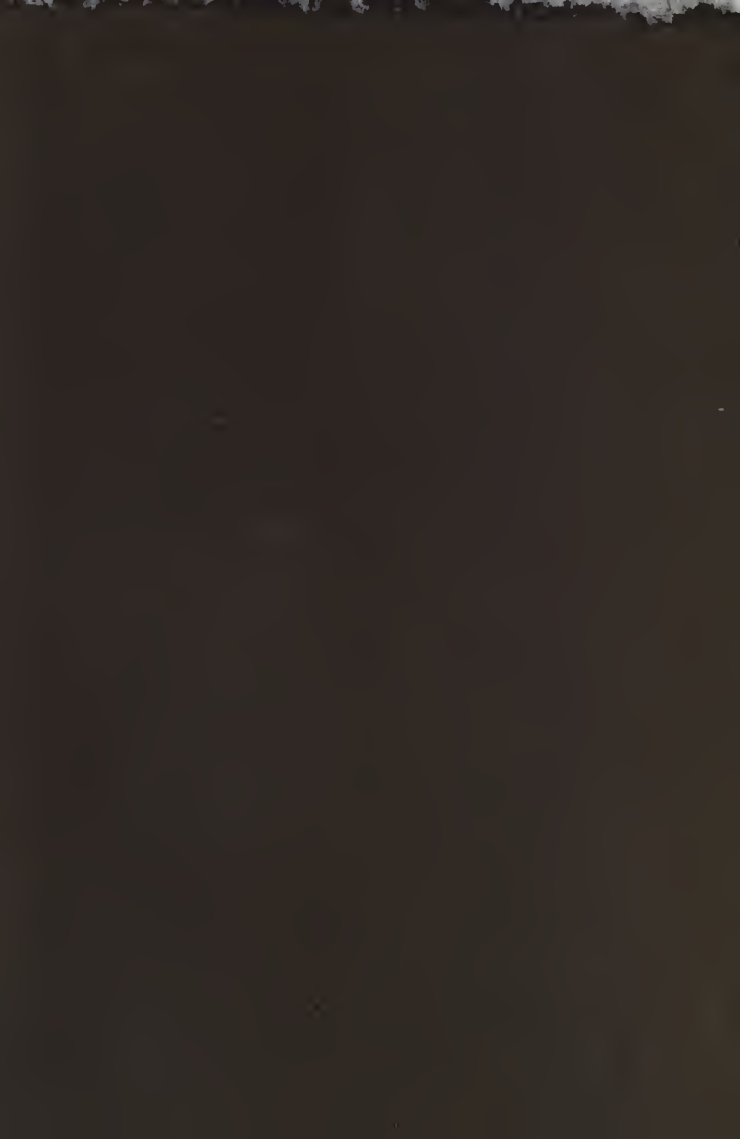
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